

# CANDY

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

I.C.C.  
10

10¢

OCTOBER  
No. 6



I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE,  
CANDY! WHEN THEY SAY "TWENTY  
DEGREES COOLER INSIDE,"  
THEY'RE NOT FOOLIN'!



ACEFUL  
F THESE  
AND  
S!

SAHLE

STILL 52 PAGES



**WEB COMIC  
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# Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE **RUBBER MASKS**



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Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

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- ( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.  
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NAME.....  
STREET..... P.O. ZONE.....  
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IT PULLS ON  
OVER THE  
HEAD LIKE  
A DIVER'S  
HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE  
FUN WITH THE  
TONIGHT AT  
MASQUERADE

**COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR  
YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP  
WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...**

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

BOY! WOULD  
I HAVE FUN  
WITH THAT  
CLOWN FACE

YOU'RE  
FUNNIER  
WITH YOUR  
OWN

THE MYSTERI-  
OUS CLOWN  
SURE HAS THE  
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE  
AND WHERE  
DID HE GET  
THAT MASK?



## SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

## RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.

6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53-M, Chicago 31, Illinois



# CANDY

TIMBER-R-R!

DADDY,  
LOOK  
OUT!

AH, THE PEACEFUL  
BEAUTY OF THESE  
WOODLAND  
DELLS!





CANDY



WOULDN'T YOU JUST LOVE A VACATION AT THE BEACH, MOTHER?

YES, CANDACE! JUST TO GET AWAY FROM COOKING AND HOUSEWORK WOULD BE A BLESSING!



THINK OF THE ROLLING BREAKERS, THE HANDSOME LIFEGUARDS AND...

OH, HERE'S YOUR FATHER, DEAR!

HELLO, FAMILY!



DADDY, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HOME! WE'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOUR VACATION!

PUFF! UH HUH, AND WHAT ABOUT IT?



WE'VE DECIDED WE'D LIKE TO SPEND IT AT THE BEACH!

BEACH? NOTHING DOING! WE'RE SPENDING MY VACATION...



...HERE!

BUT, DEAR...

OH, DADDY, NO!



IT'S NOT A VACATION IF WE STAY AT HOME! IT'LL BE HORRIBLE!

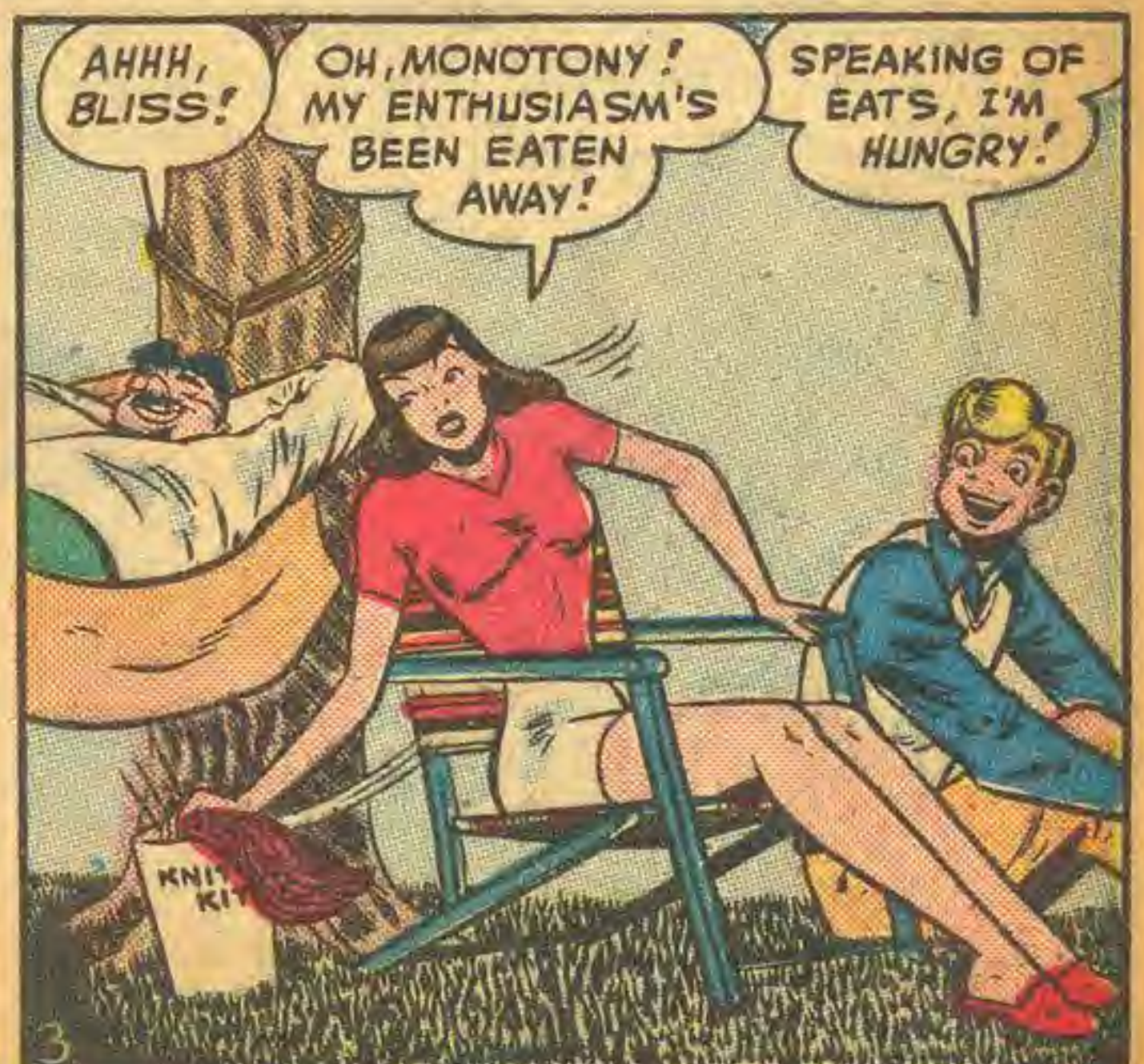
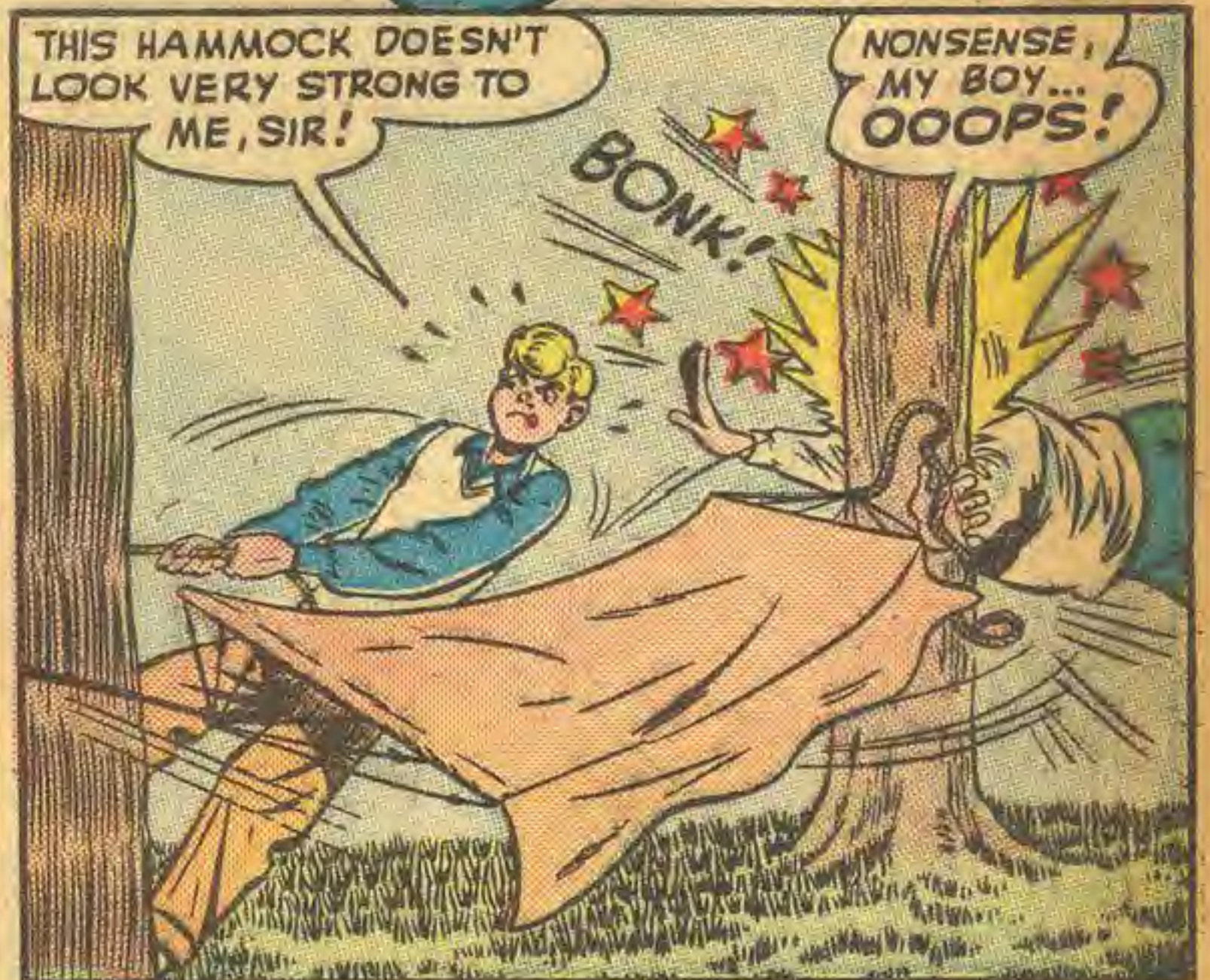
IT CERTAINLY WILL!

MY MIND'S MADE UP! NO!

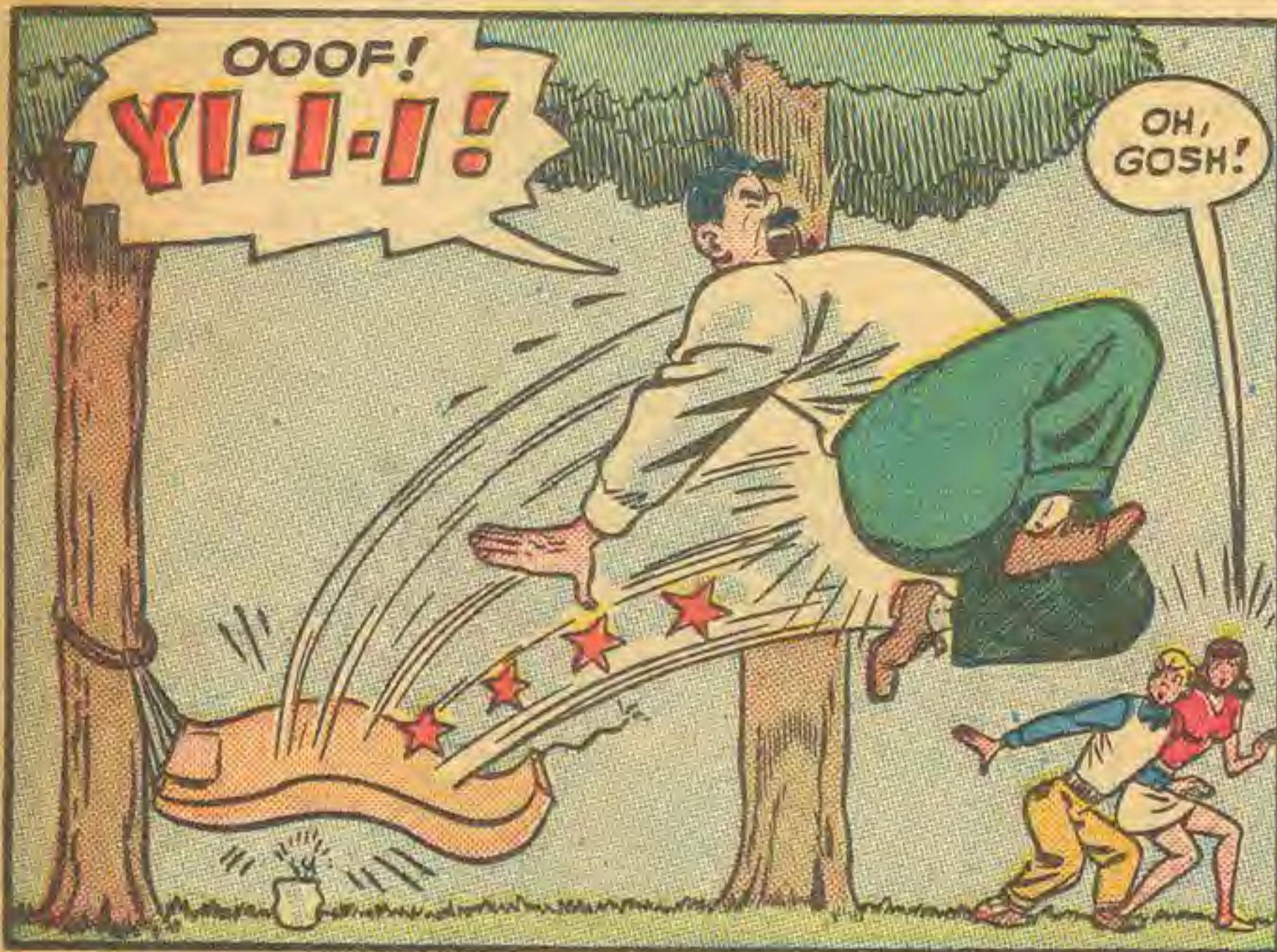
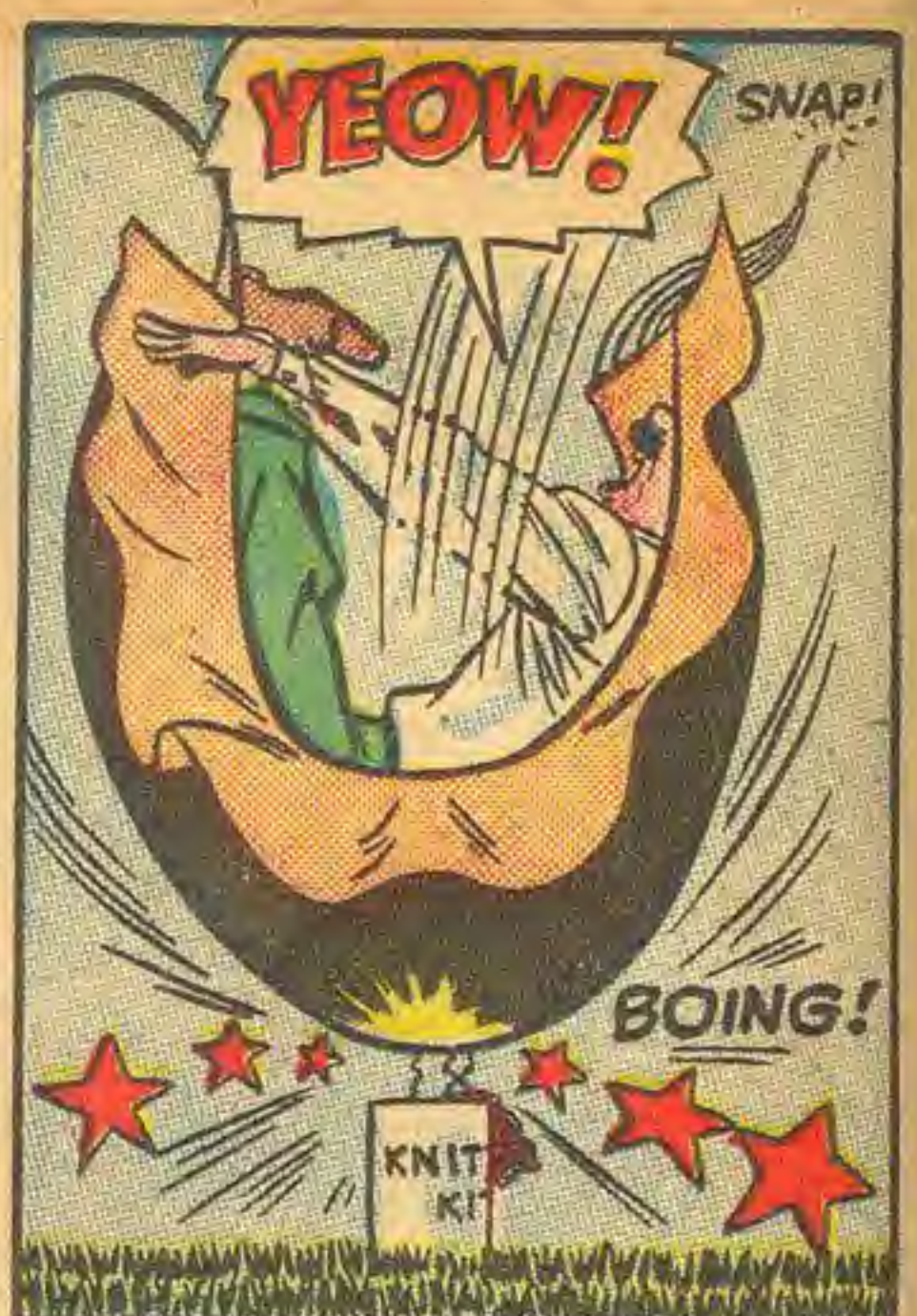


AND, SPEAKING OF TRAVEL, WHERE ELSE COULD YOU FIND THESE QUIET SURROUNDINGS! I WANT A RESTFUL VACATION... RIGHT HERE AT HOME!





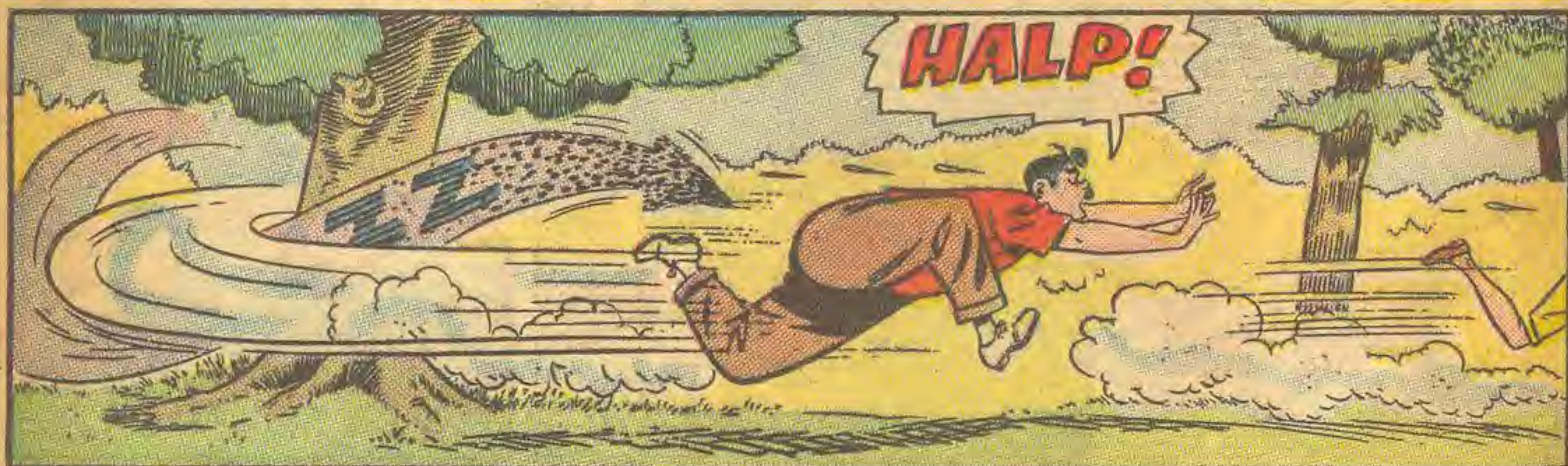












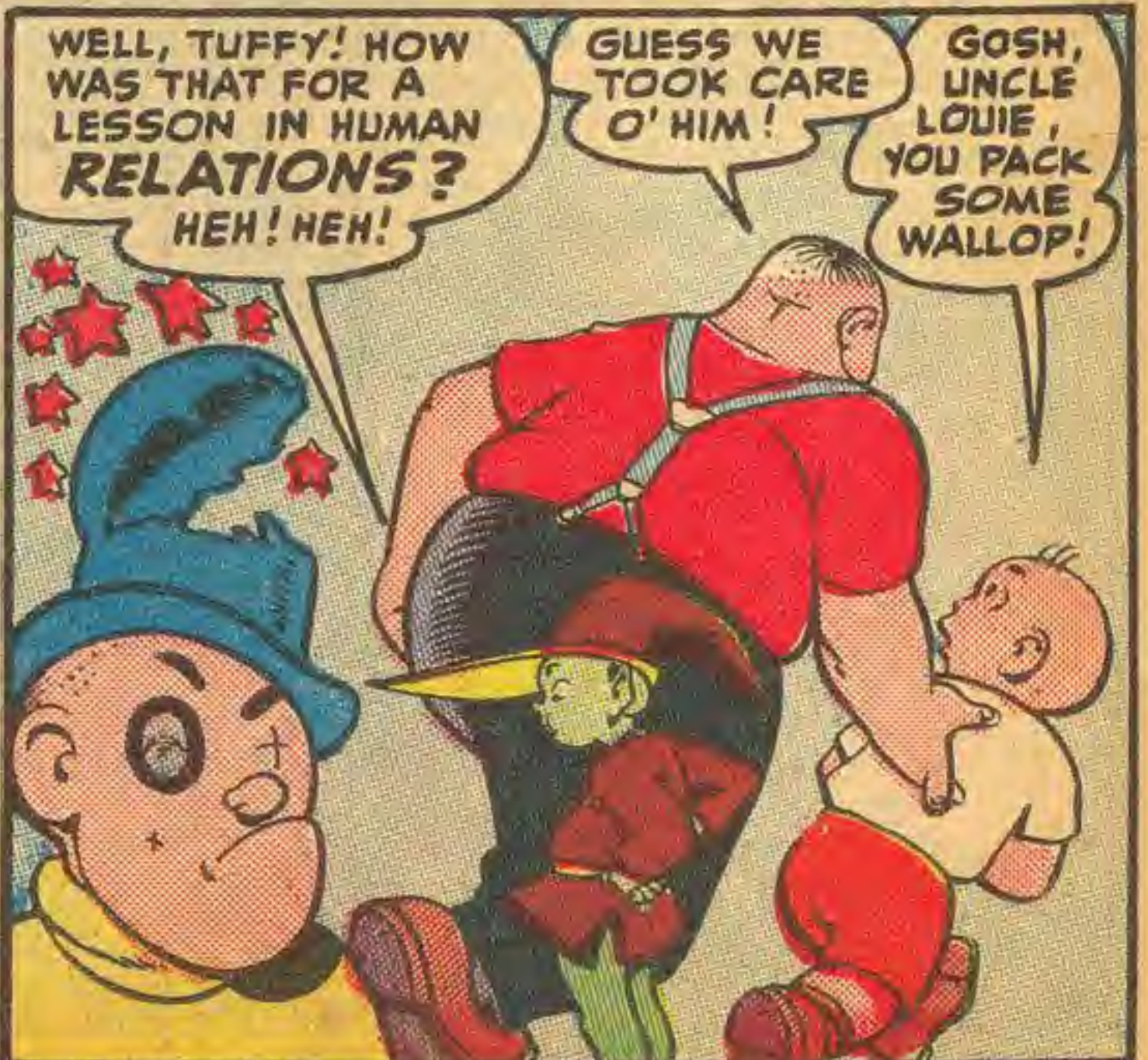
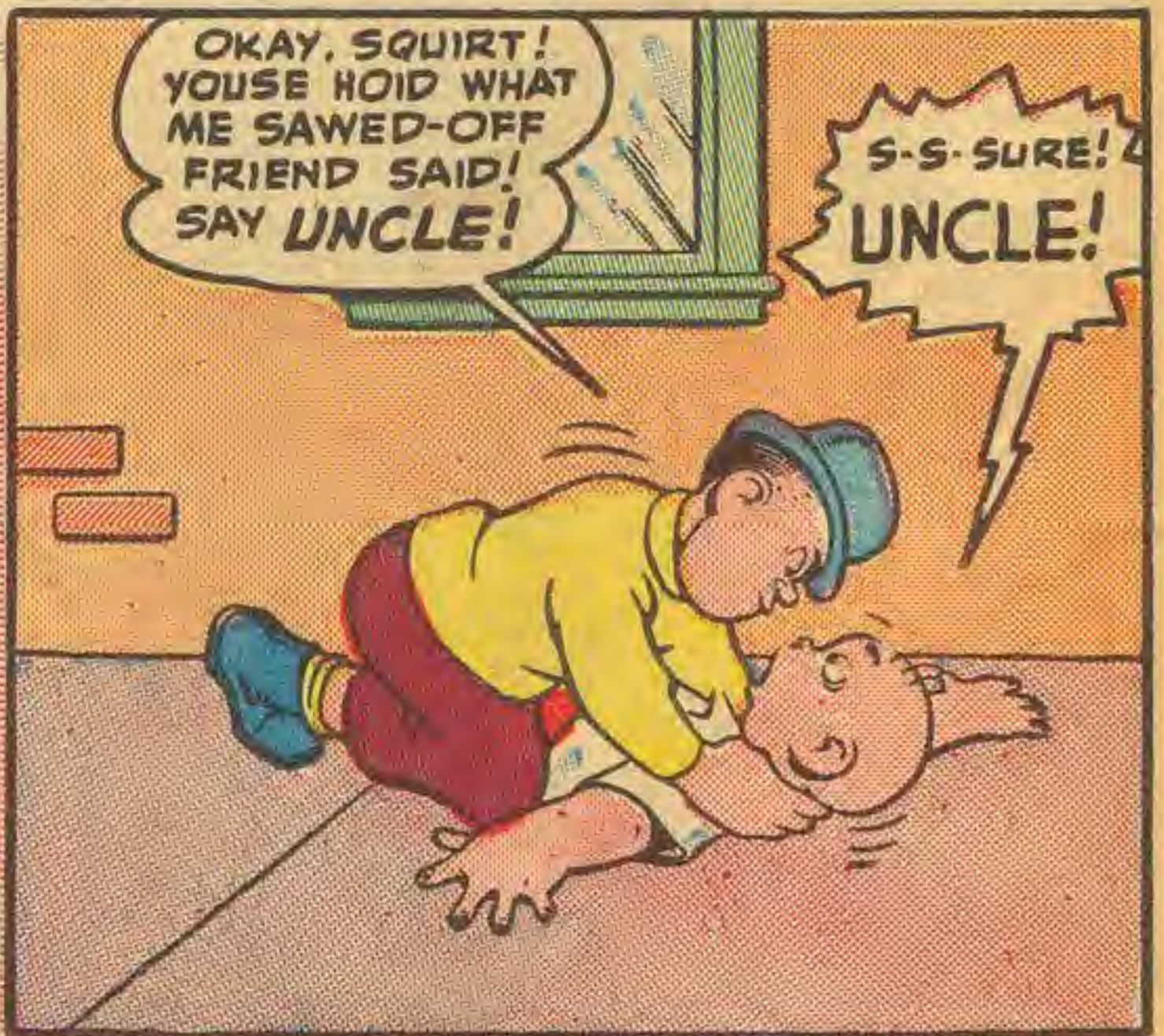
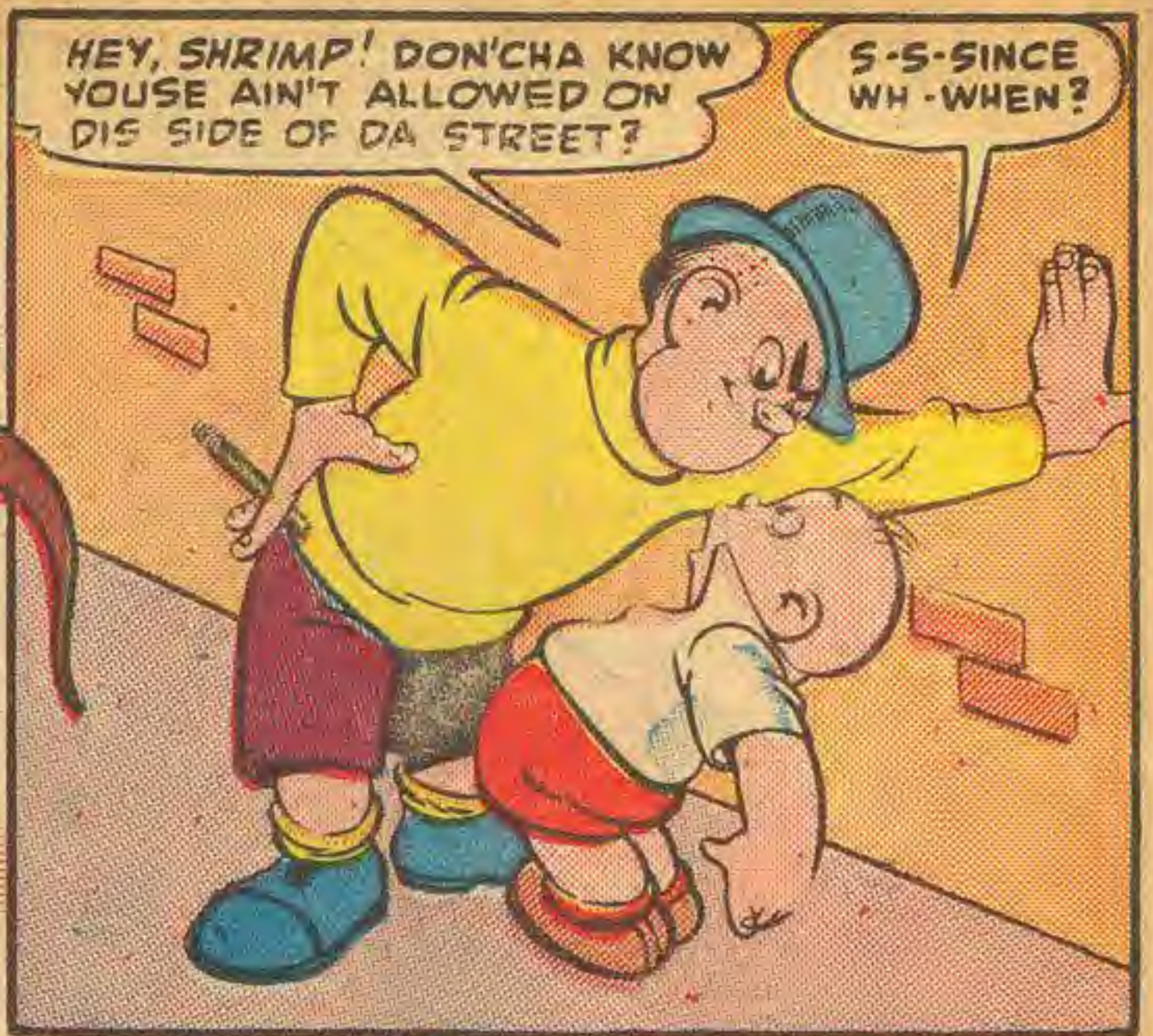




The next morning...



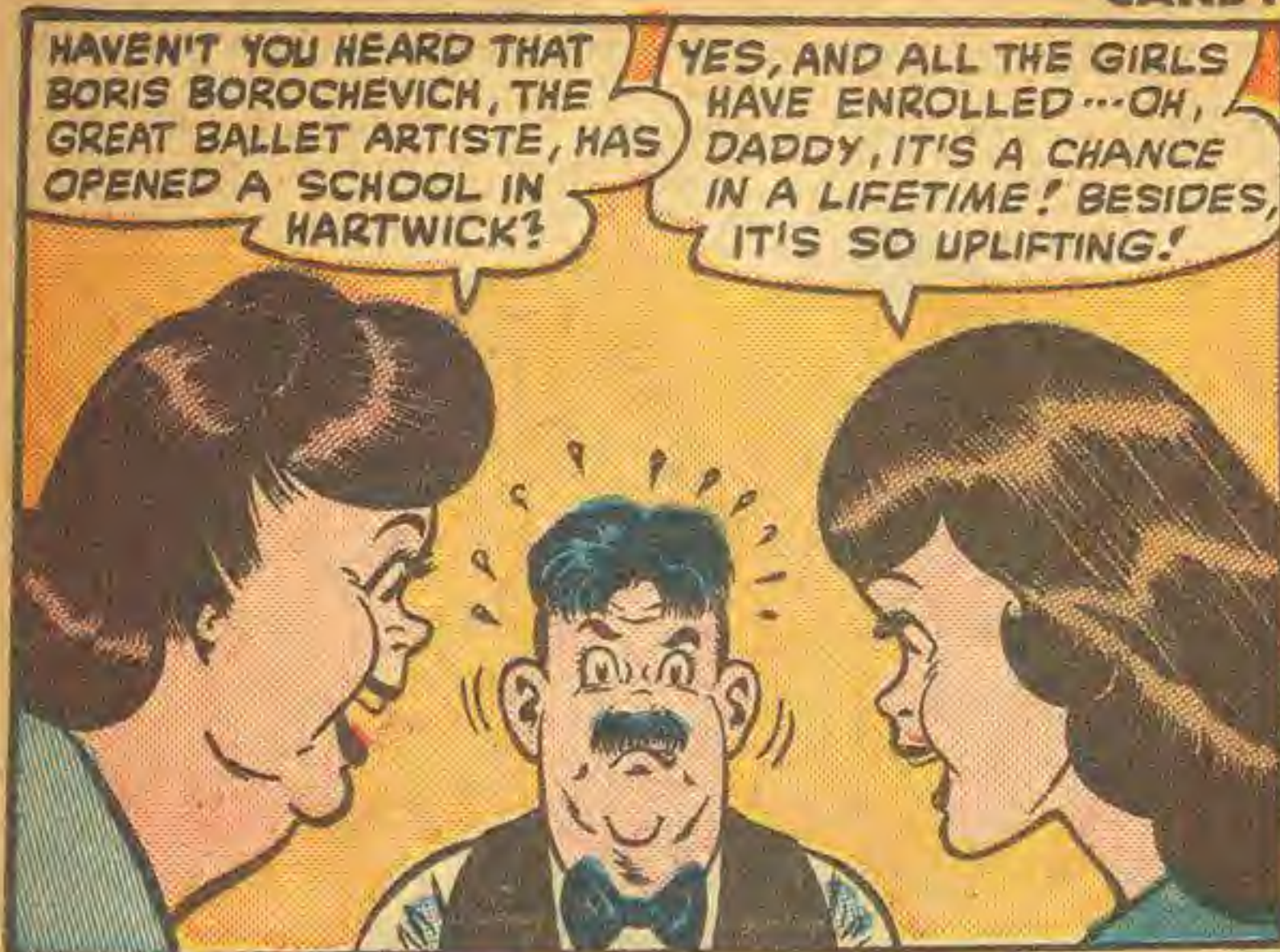












HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THAT BORIS BOROCHEVICH, THE GREAT BALLET ARTISTE, HAS OPENED A SCHOOL IN HARTWICK?

YES, AND ALL THE GIRLS HAVE ENROLLED...OH, DADDY, IT'S A CHANCE IN A LIFETIME! BESIDES, IT'S SO UPLIFTING!



THE CHILD'S SET HER HEART ON IT, DEAR...

THAT'S VERY NICE... BUT WHAT ABOUT POOR PAPA? DOES SHE THINK HE'S THE UNITED STATES TREASURY? NO, I WON'T HAVE IT!



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, DADDIKINS?

SHE LOOKS LOVELY..DOESN'T SHE, DEAR?

GRUMPH!

WELL... YES, IT'S VERY BECOMING!

... BUT I THINK DADDY IS RIGHT, CANDY! THIS WHOLE THING WILL COST FAR TOO MUCH, AND YOU KNOW BUSINESS ISN'T WHAT IT SHOULD BE!

ALL RIGHT, MOTHER...



...BACK IT GOES! I CAN HAVE JUST AS MUCH FUN STAYING HOME CHOKE? READING A BOOK?

WAIT A MINUTE... MAYBE WE CAN WORK THIS OUT SOMEHOW!

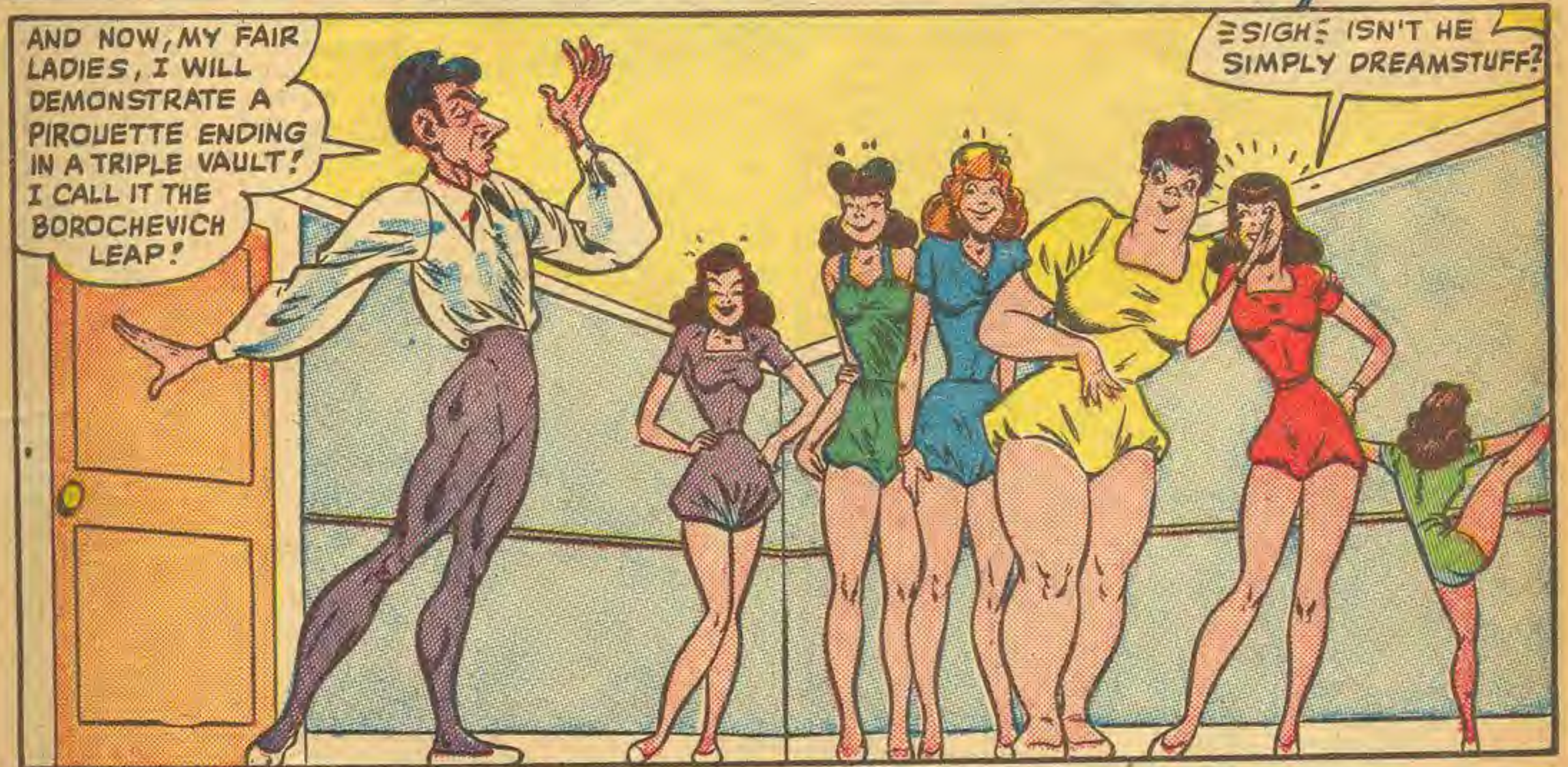


OH, DADDY...YOU'RE A BRICK! YOU'RE LUSH... I MEAN YOU DEFINITELY ARE!

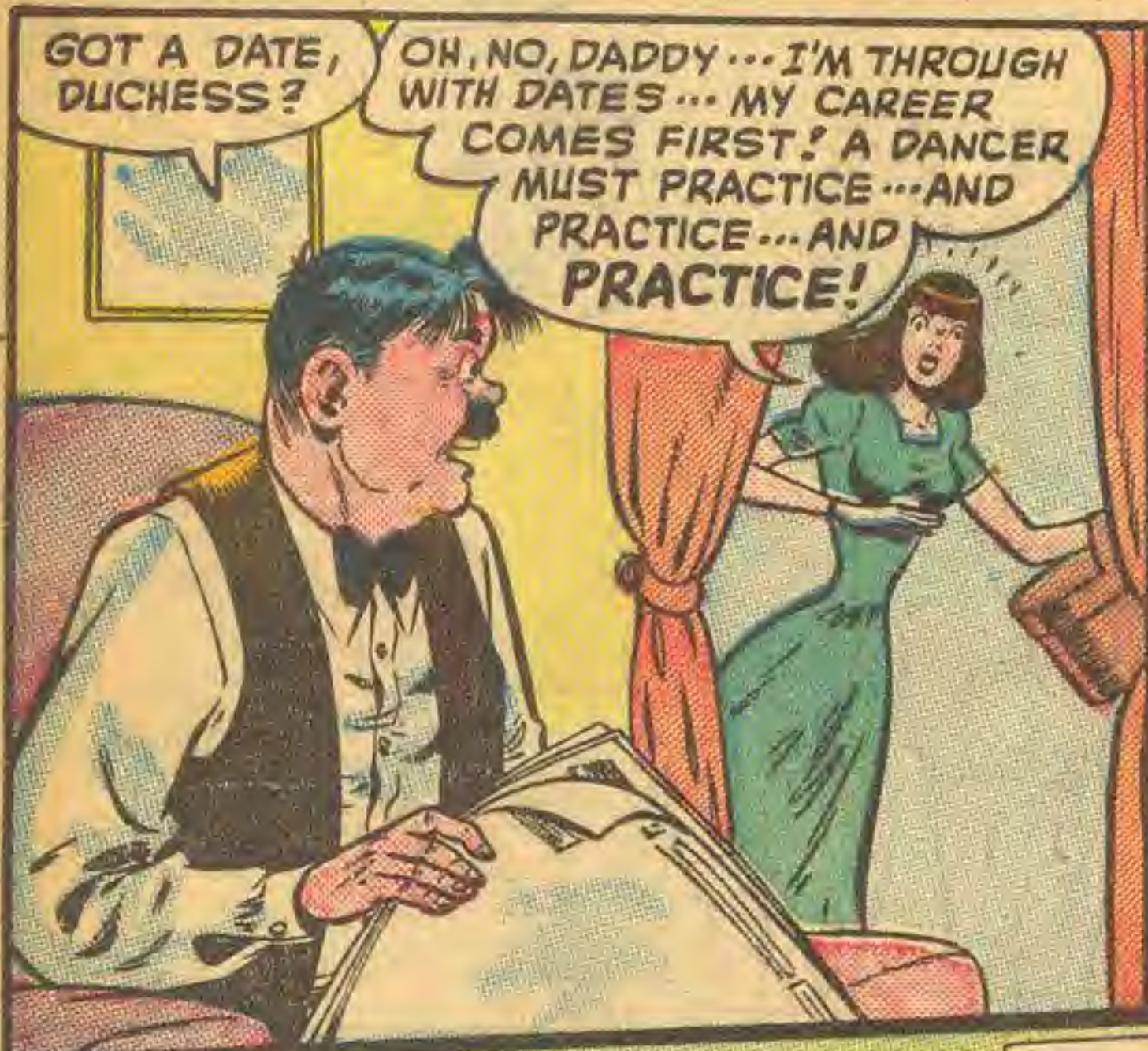
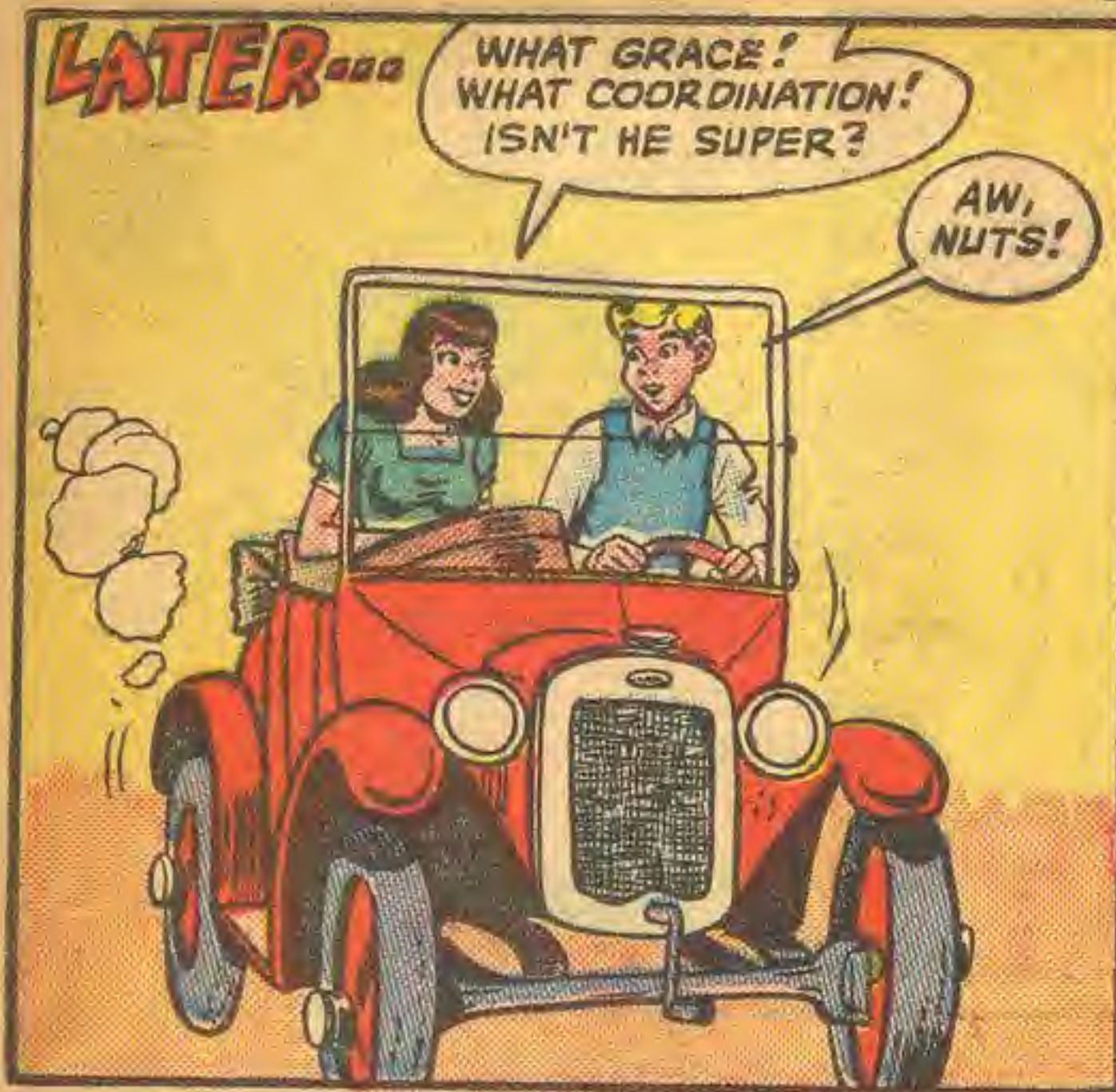
WAIT A MINUTE! I SAID MAYBE...

WELL, CANDY, YOU'D BETTER GET READY! THE FIRST CLASS WILL START SOON!



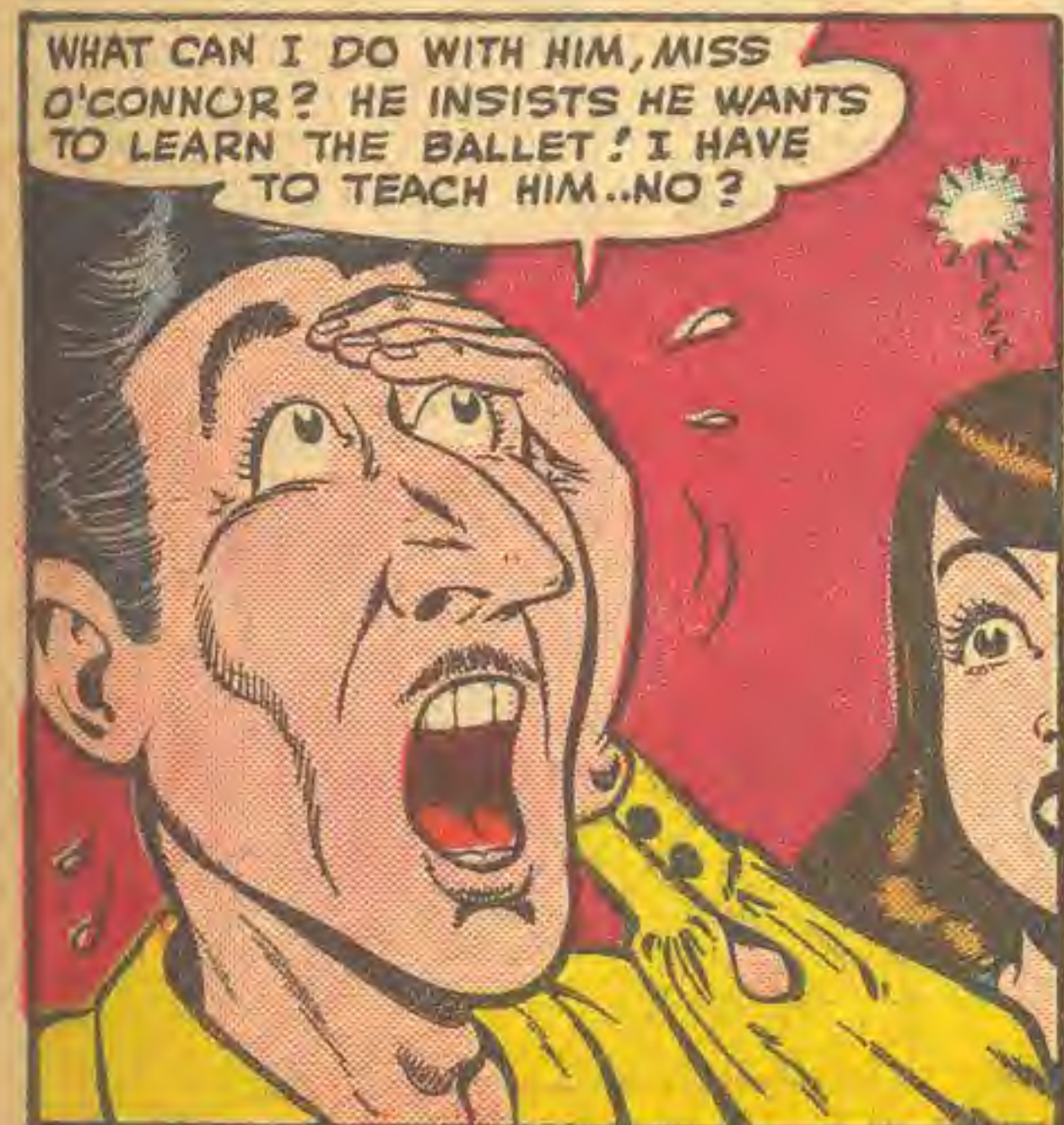
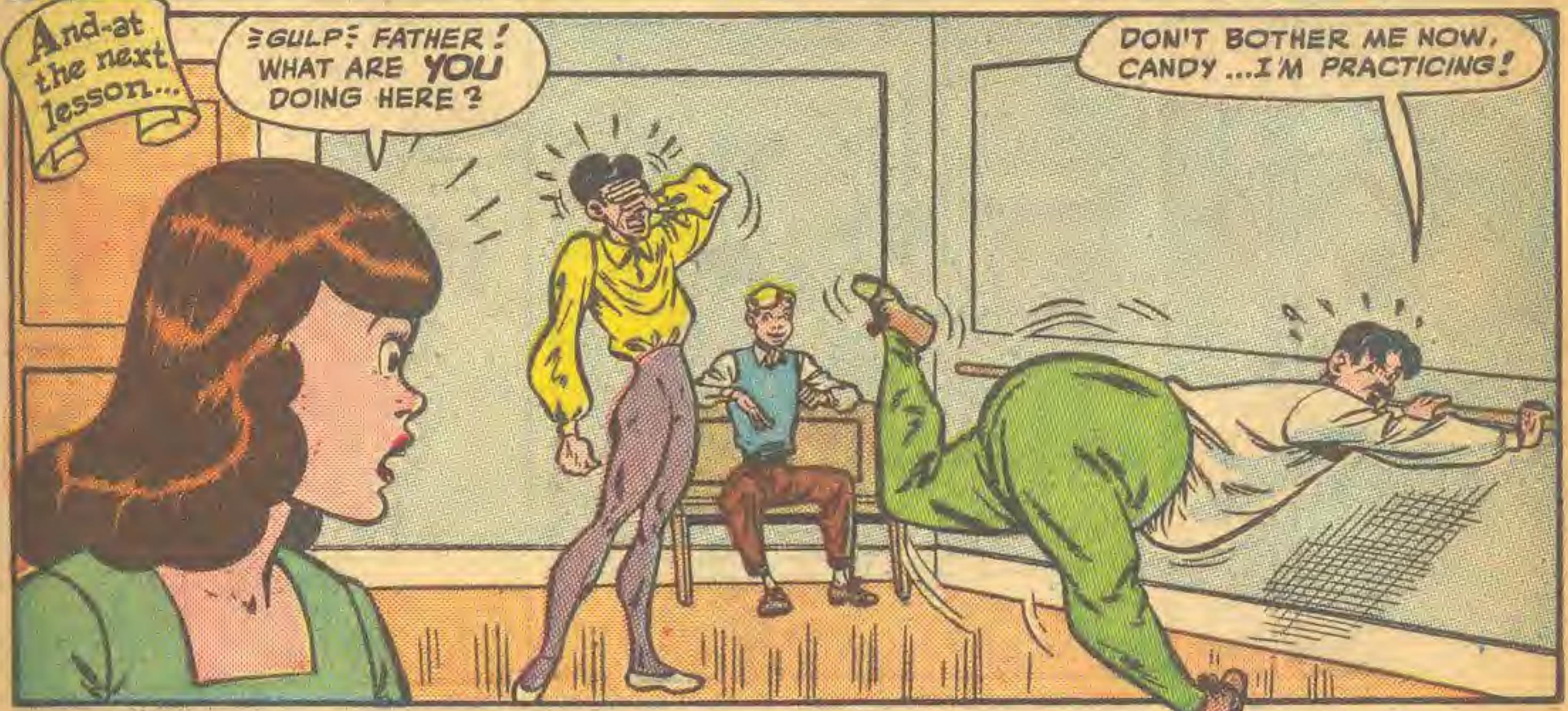






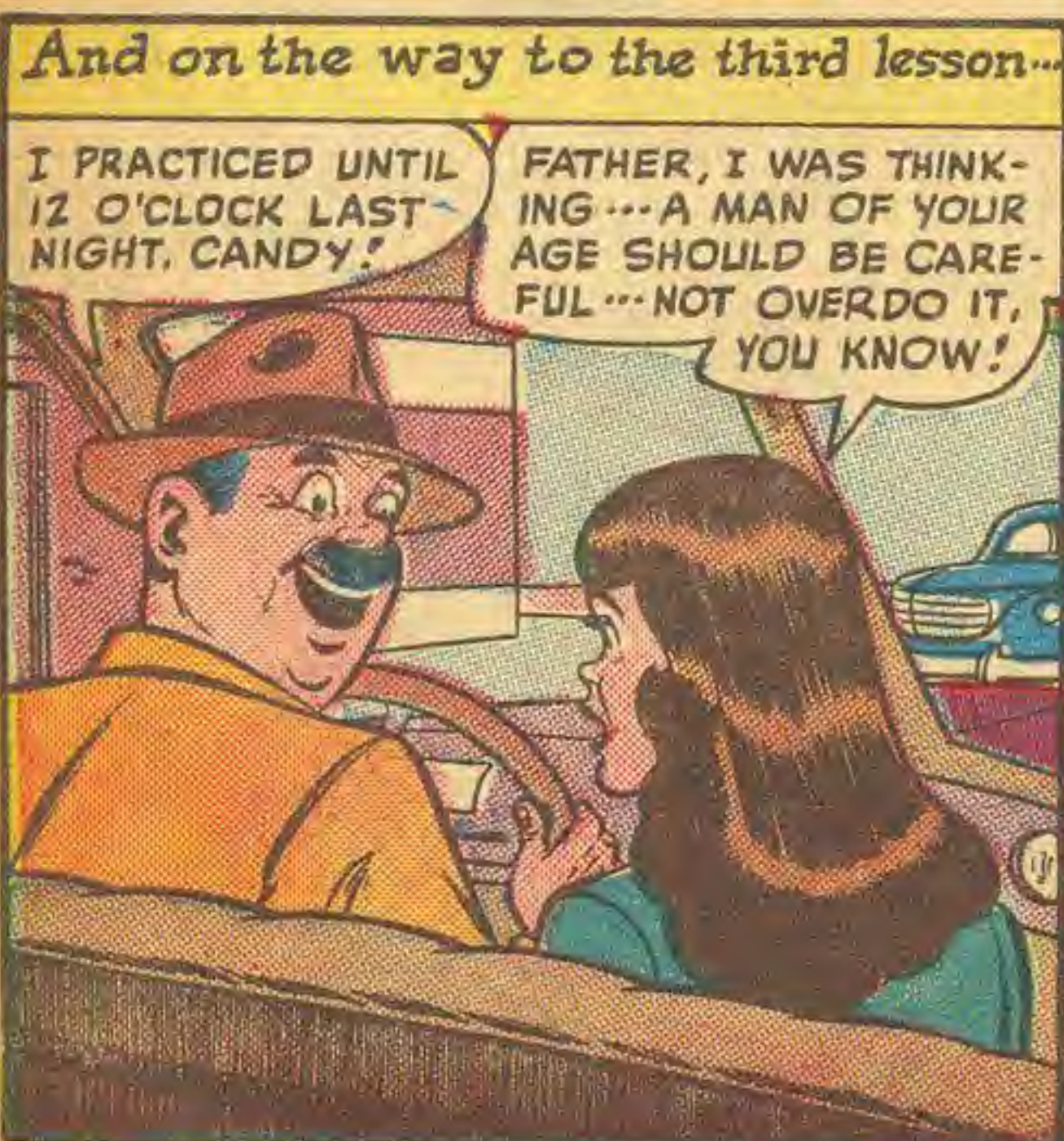
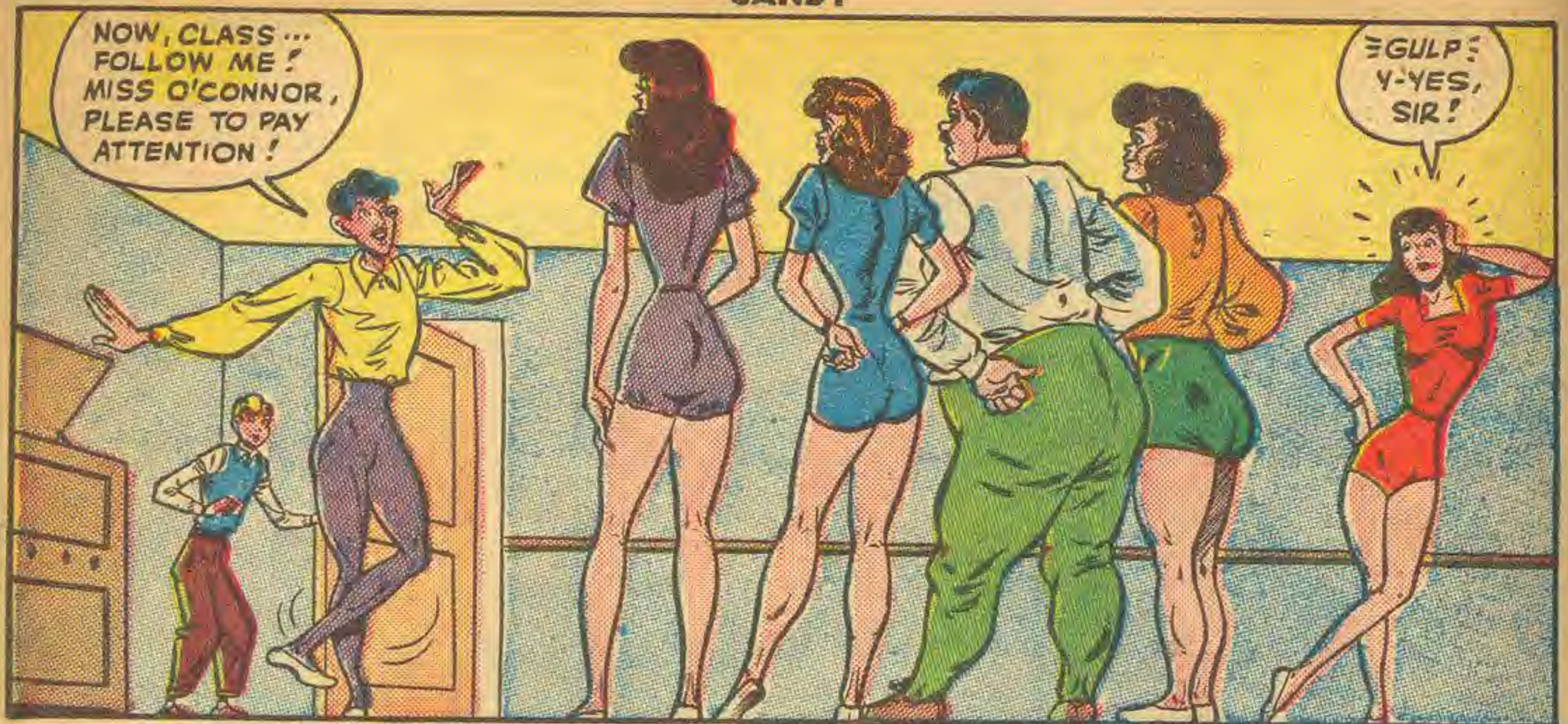


CANDY





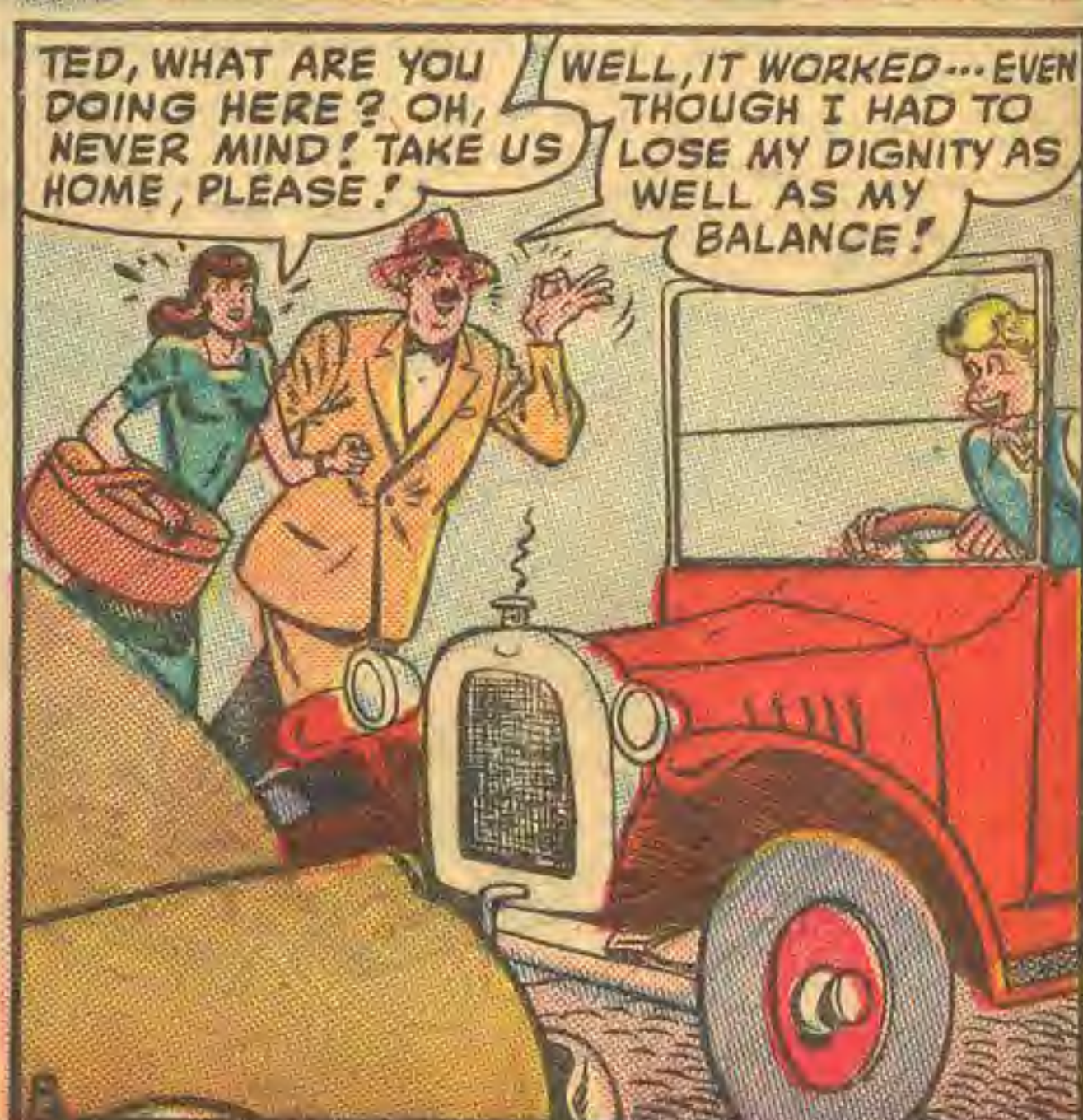
# CANDY









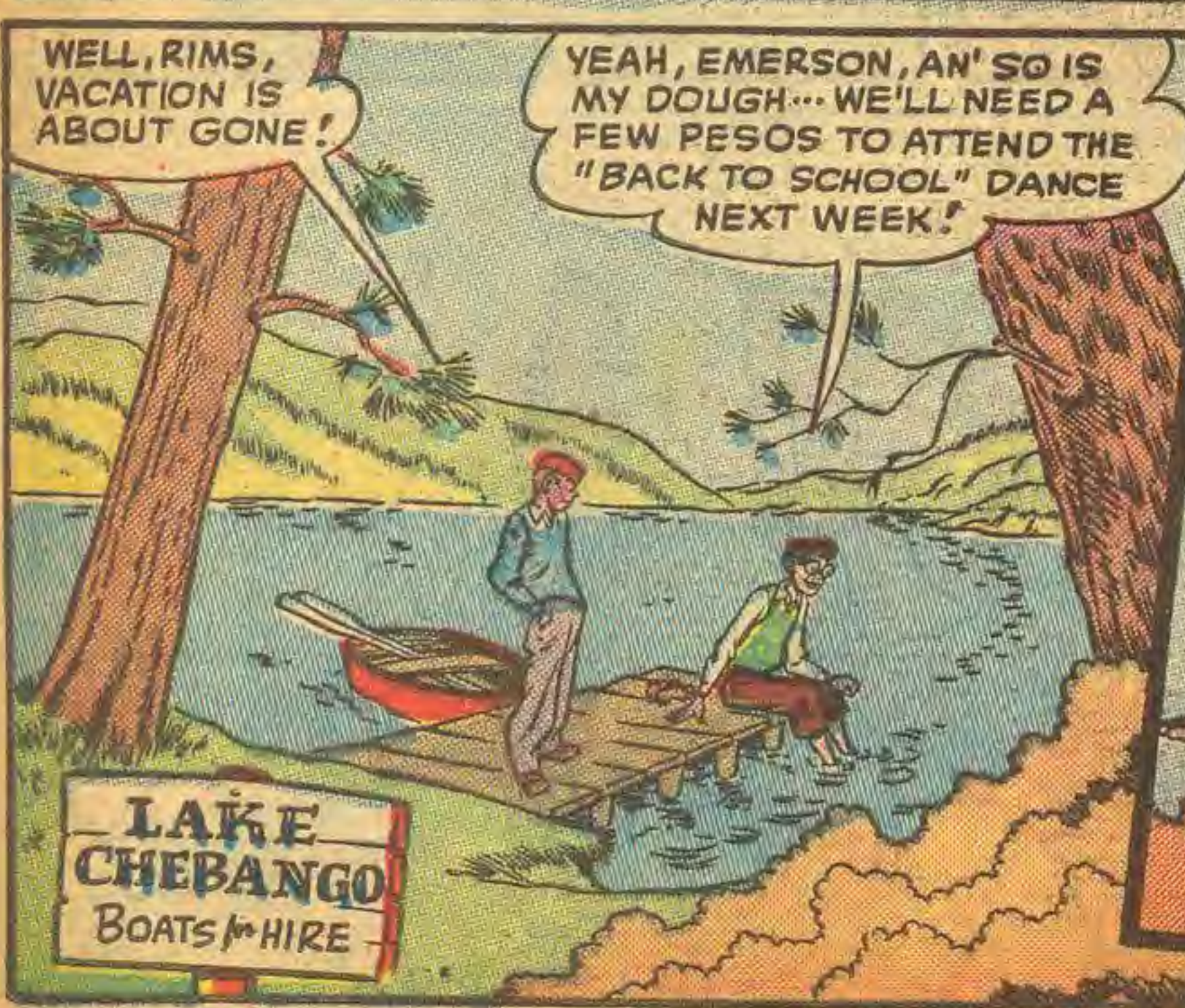






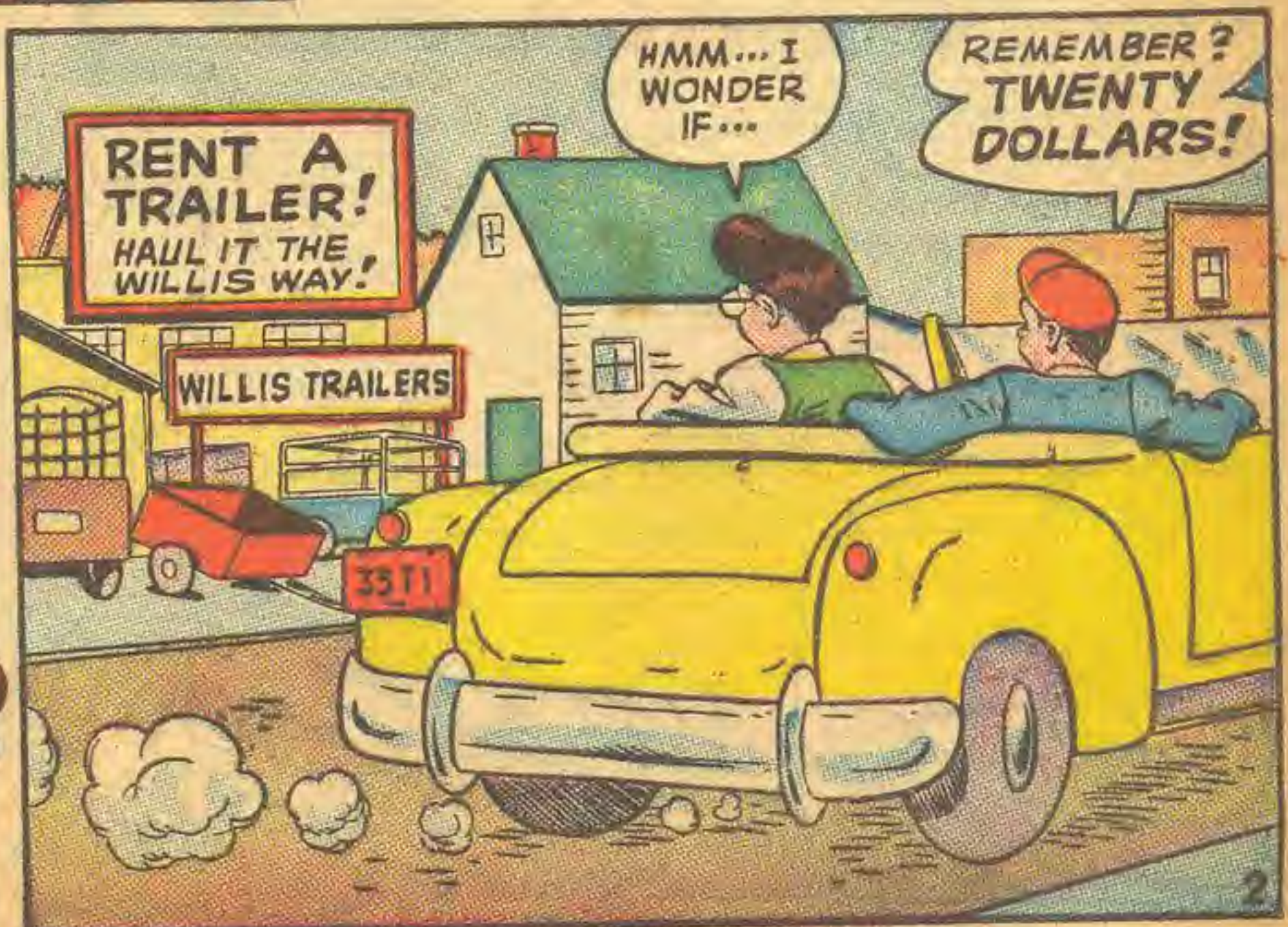
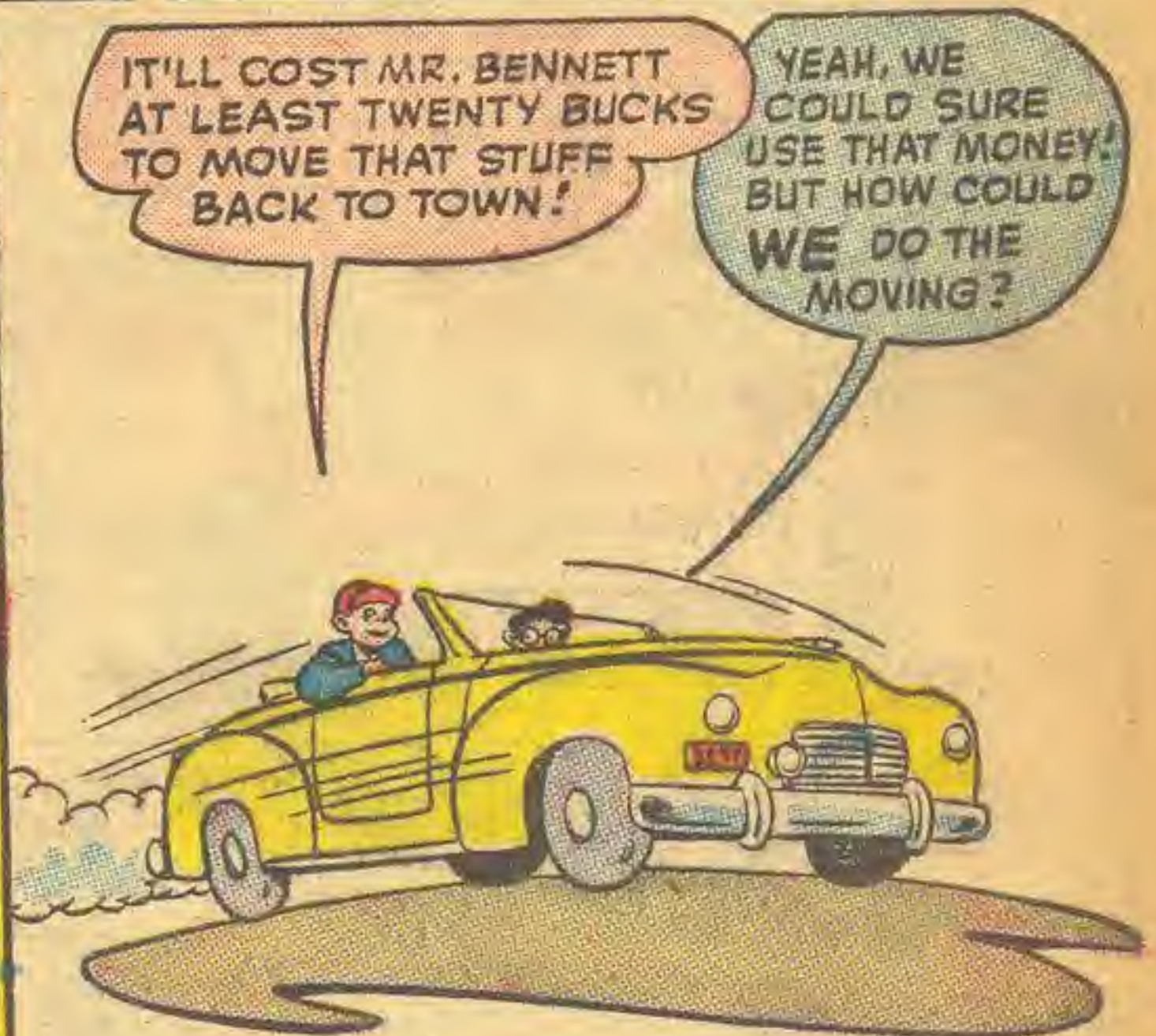
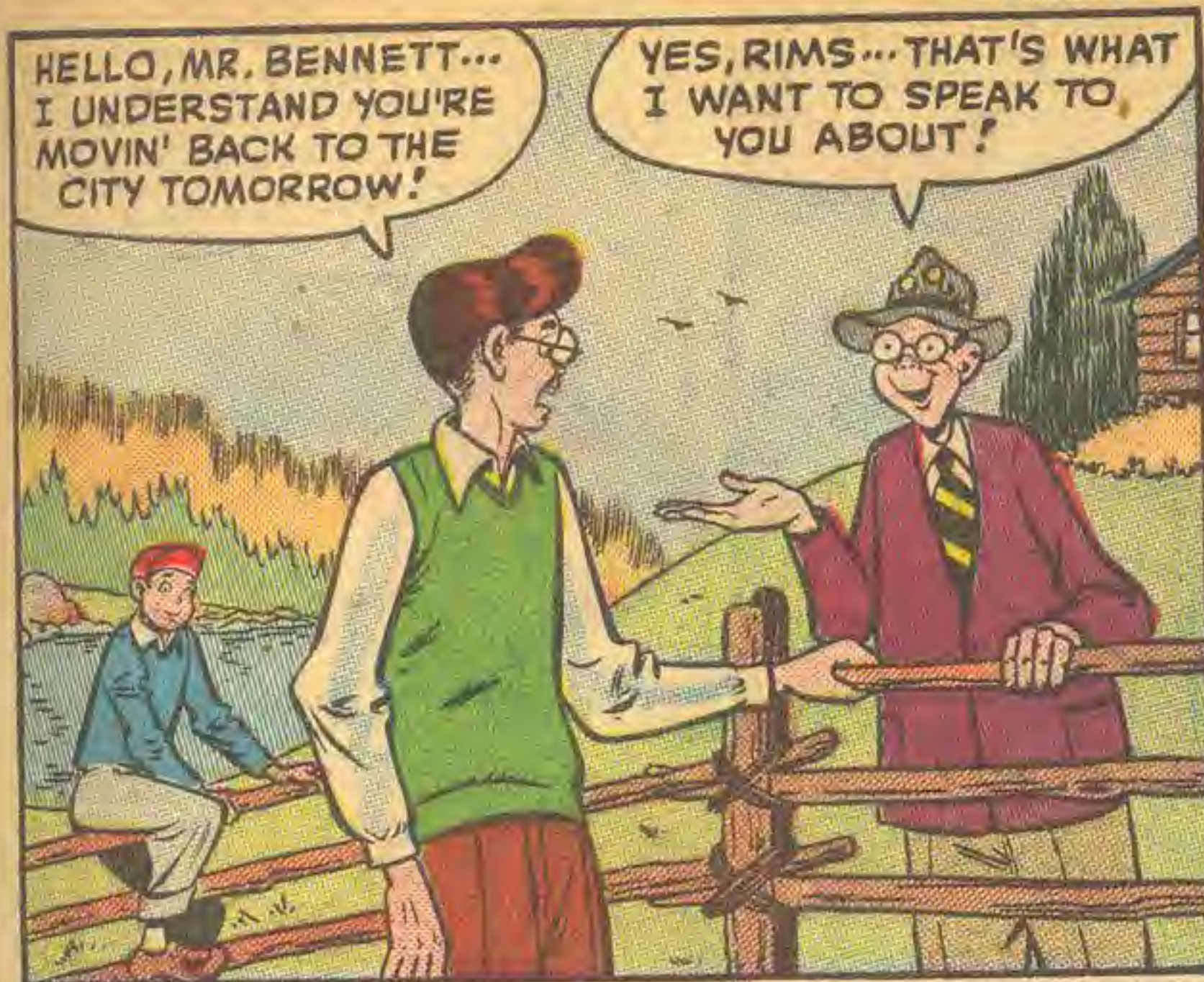


# RIMS

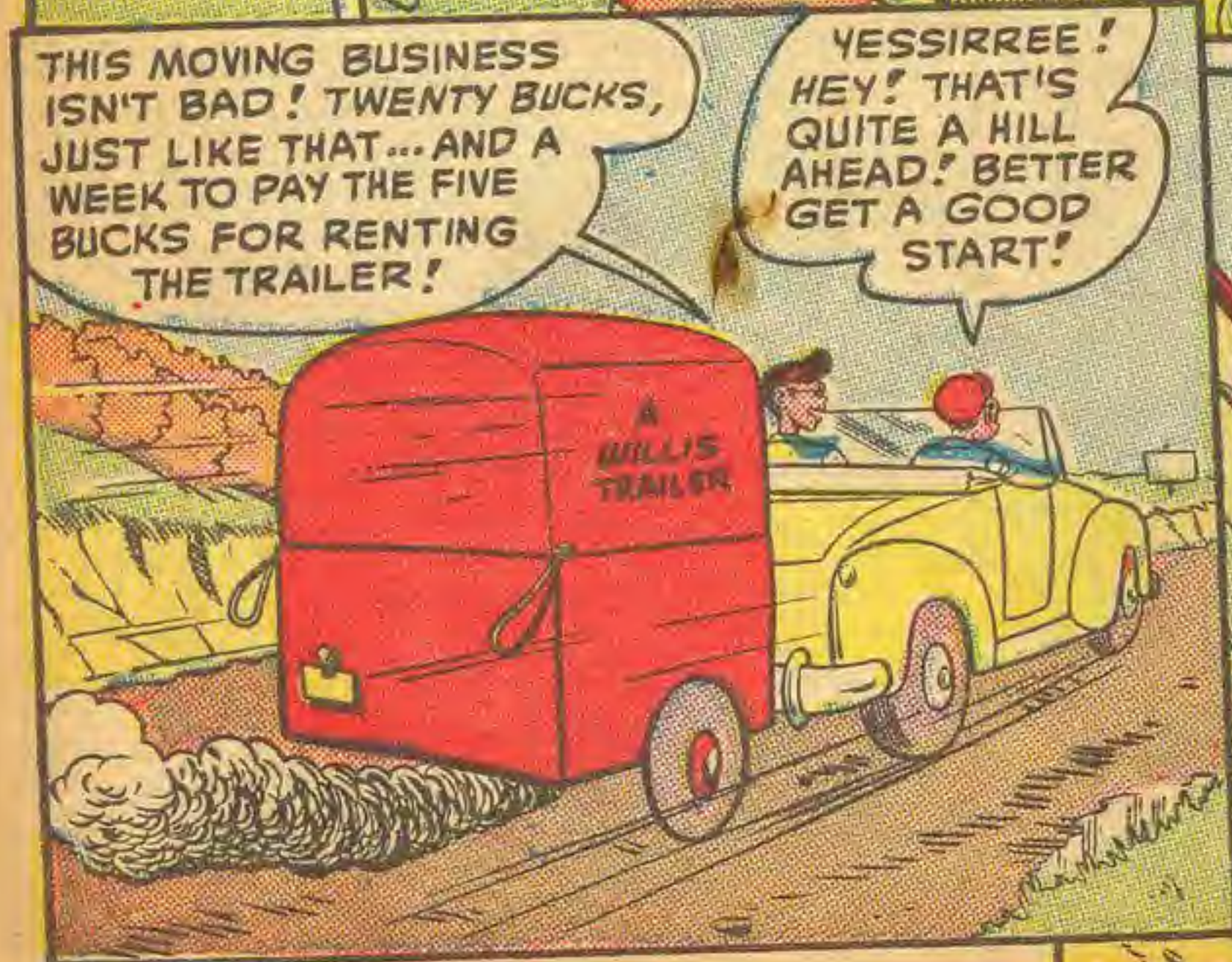
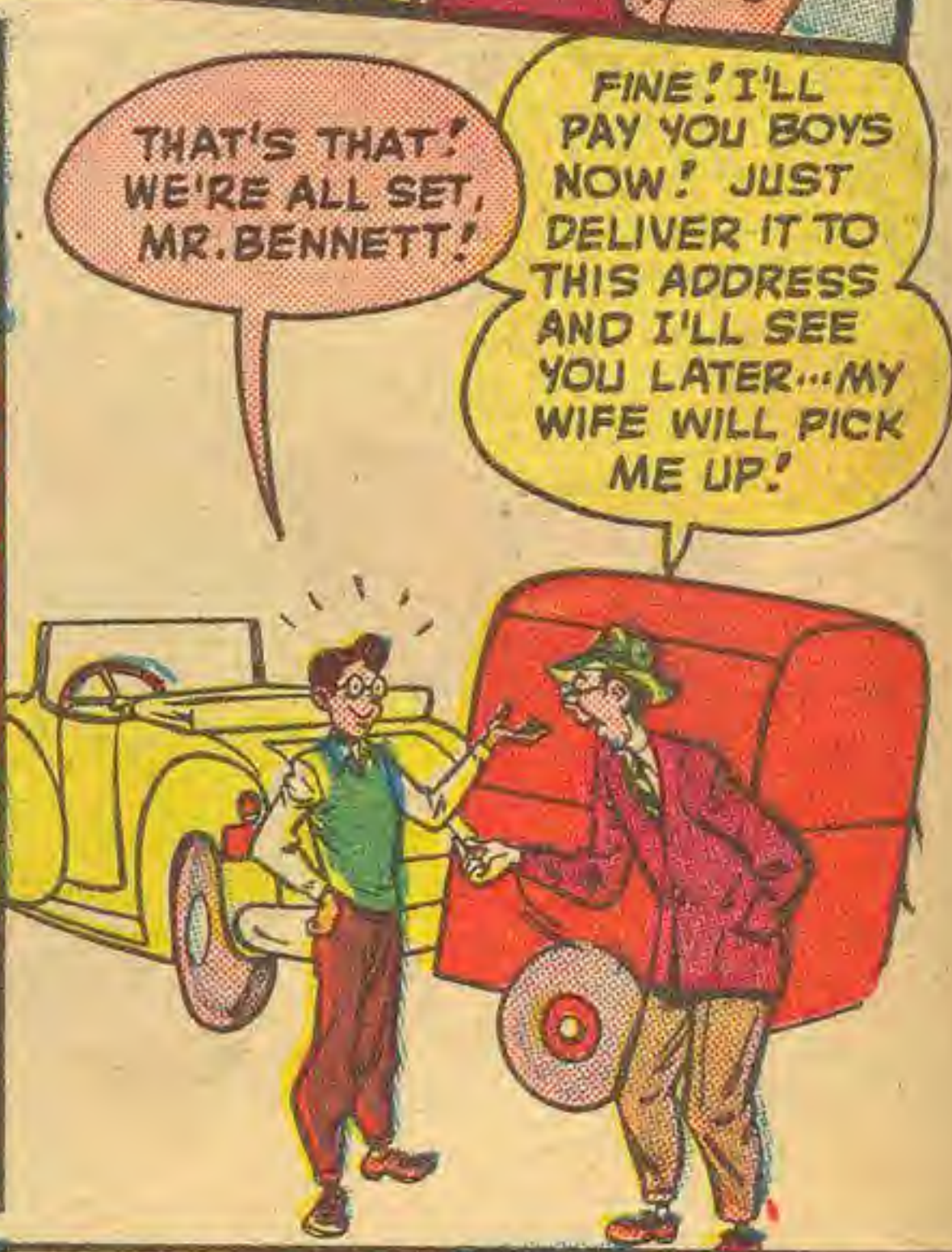
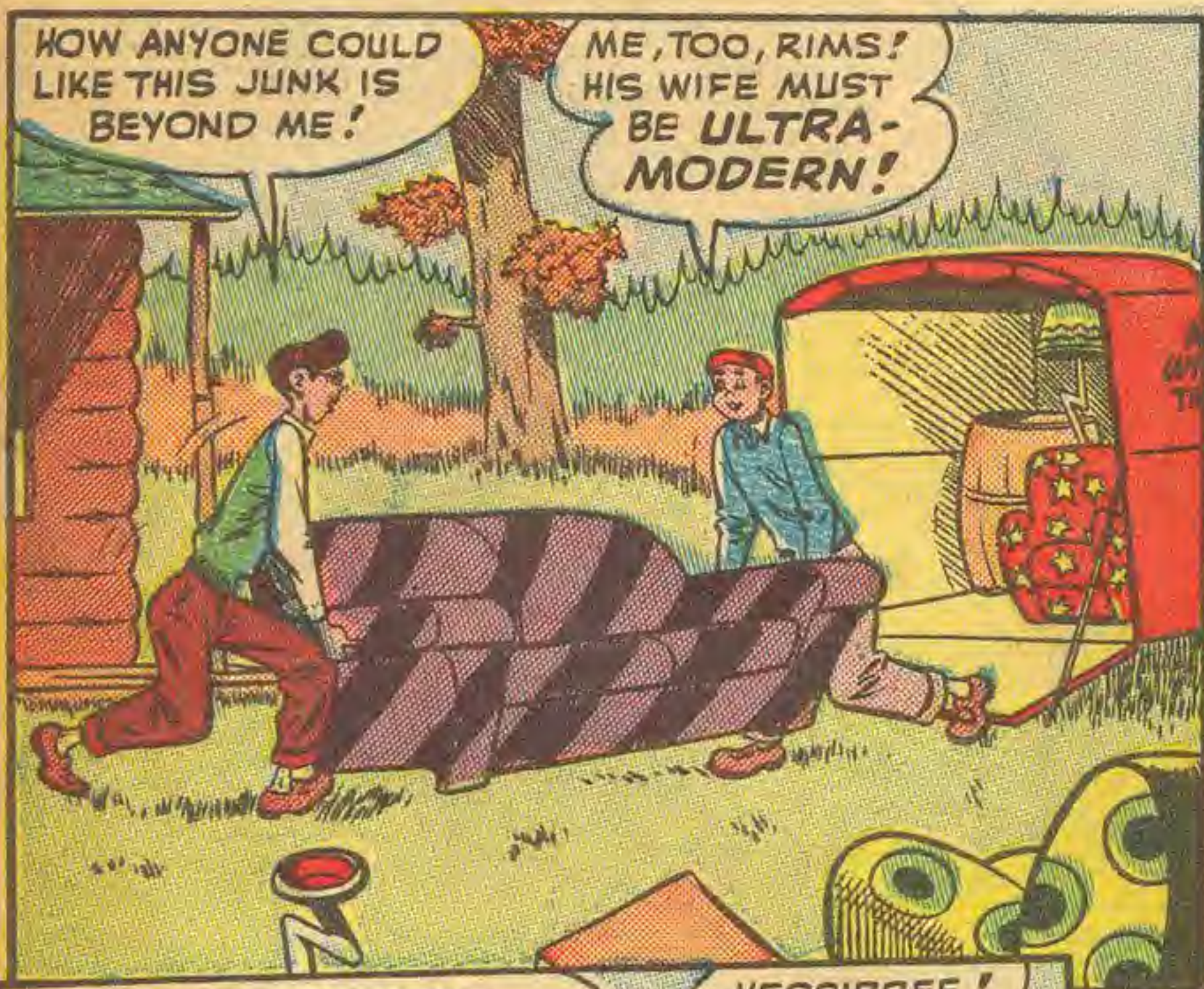
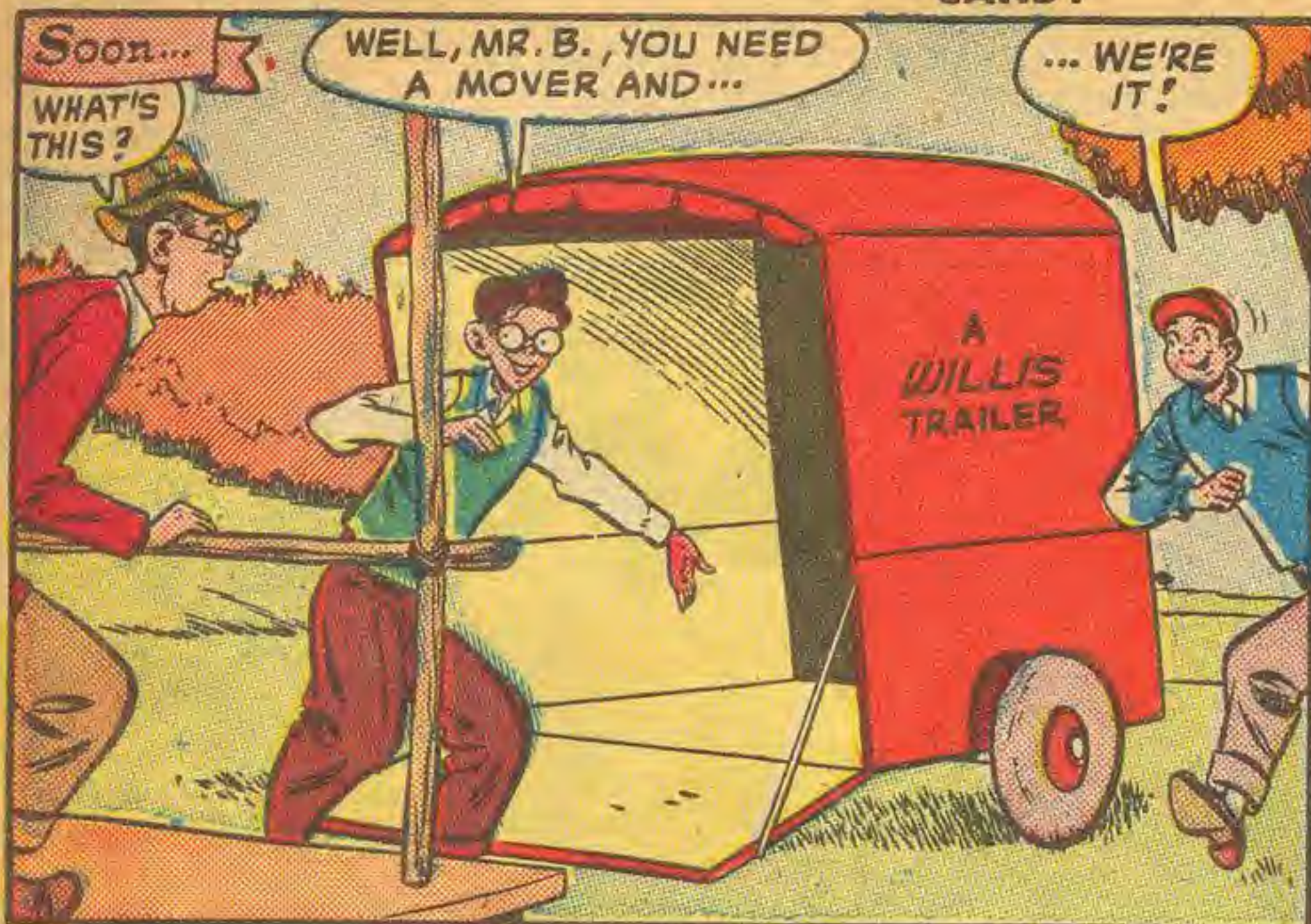




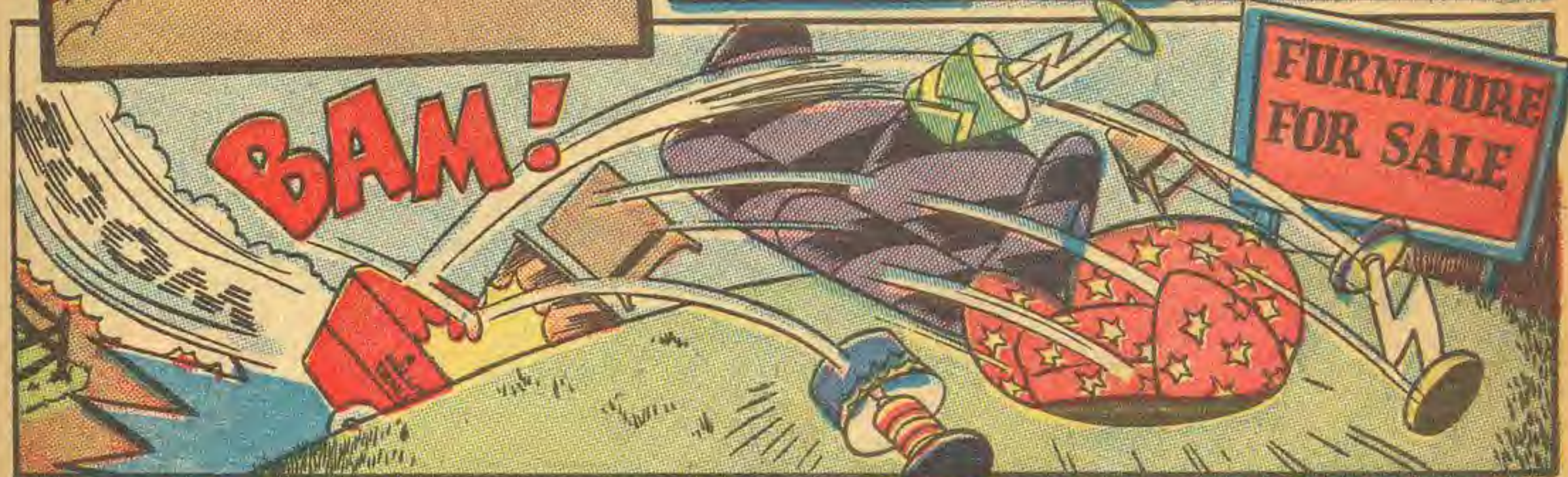
CANDY













WHAT A LUCKY BREAK!  
IT'S A GOOD THING THAT  
BIG SIGN WAS THERE OR  
THE TRAILER MIGHT HAVE  
ROLLED RIGHT INTO  
THE DUMP!

LET'S HOOK IT UP  
AND GET ROLLING!

THERE! IT WON'T COME  
LOOSE NOW! OKAY, RIMS!  
HAUL AWAY!

NOW, WHAT'S THAT  
ADDRESS AGAIN?

HEY! STOP!  
COME BACK WITH  
MY TRAILER!

Later...

HERE WE ARE AT  
MR. BENNETT'S! WE  
OUGHTA UNLOAD  
BEFORE WE HAVE  
ANY MORE TROUBLE!

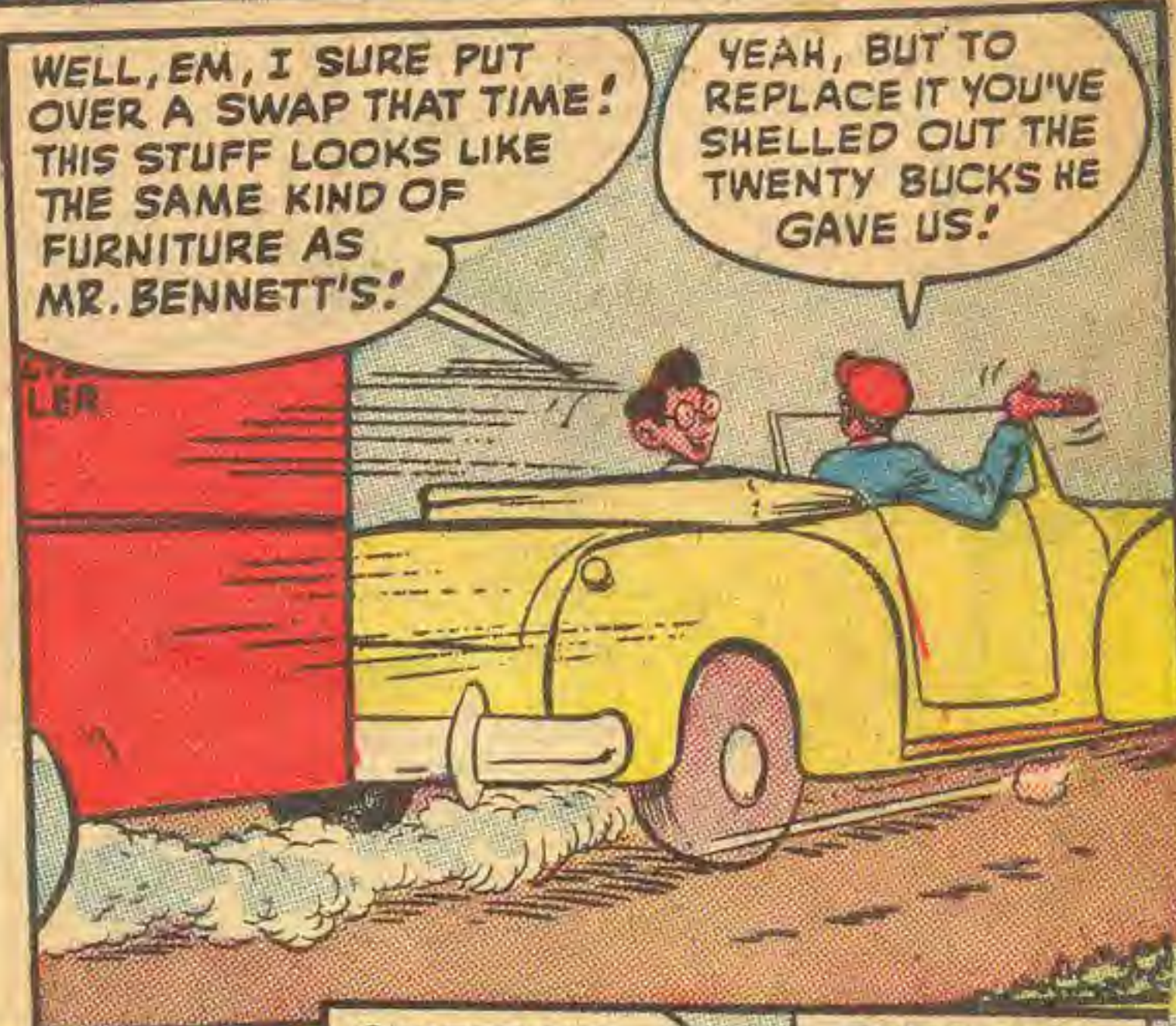
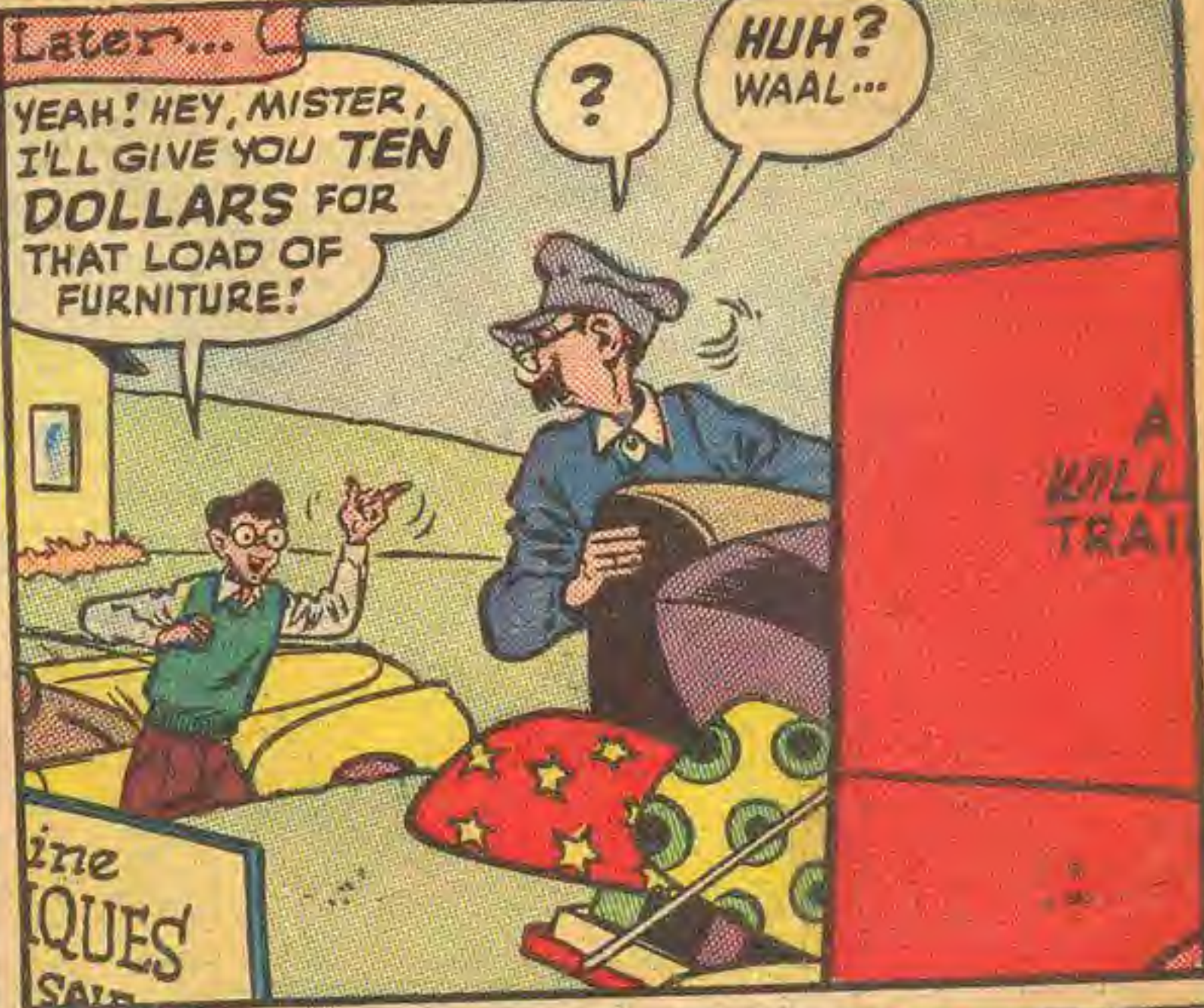
**YIIII!** LOOK!  
THIS FURNITURE'S  
IN PIECES!

GULP! I DIDN'T  
THINK THE STUFF  
WAS JARRED  
THAT MUCH!

QUICK! WE'VE  
GOTTA GET SOME  
OTHER FURNITURE  
RIGHT AWAY!

YEAH! THE  
BENNETTS  
WILL BE  
COMIN' HOME  
SOON!











CANDY



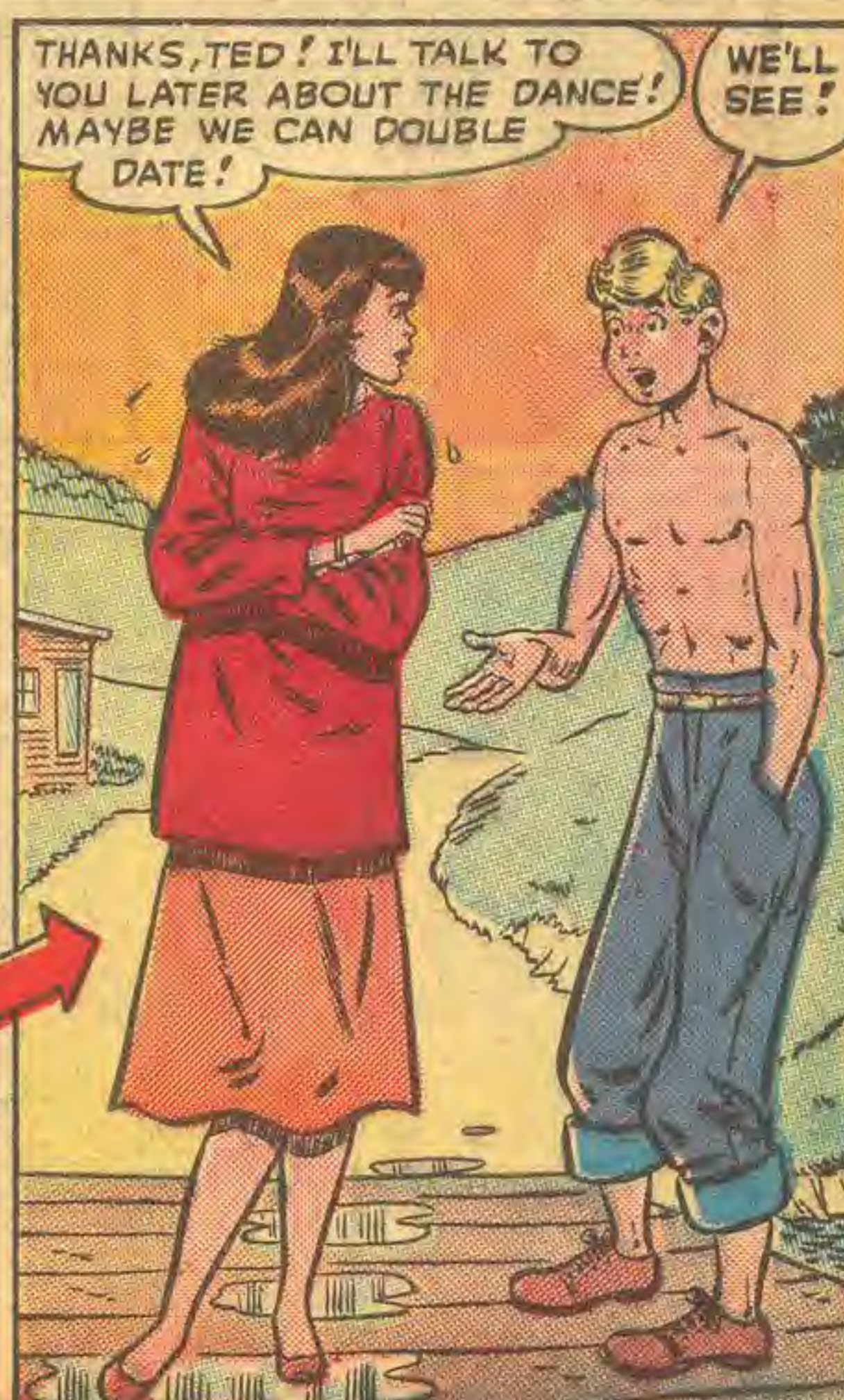
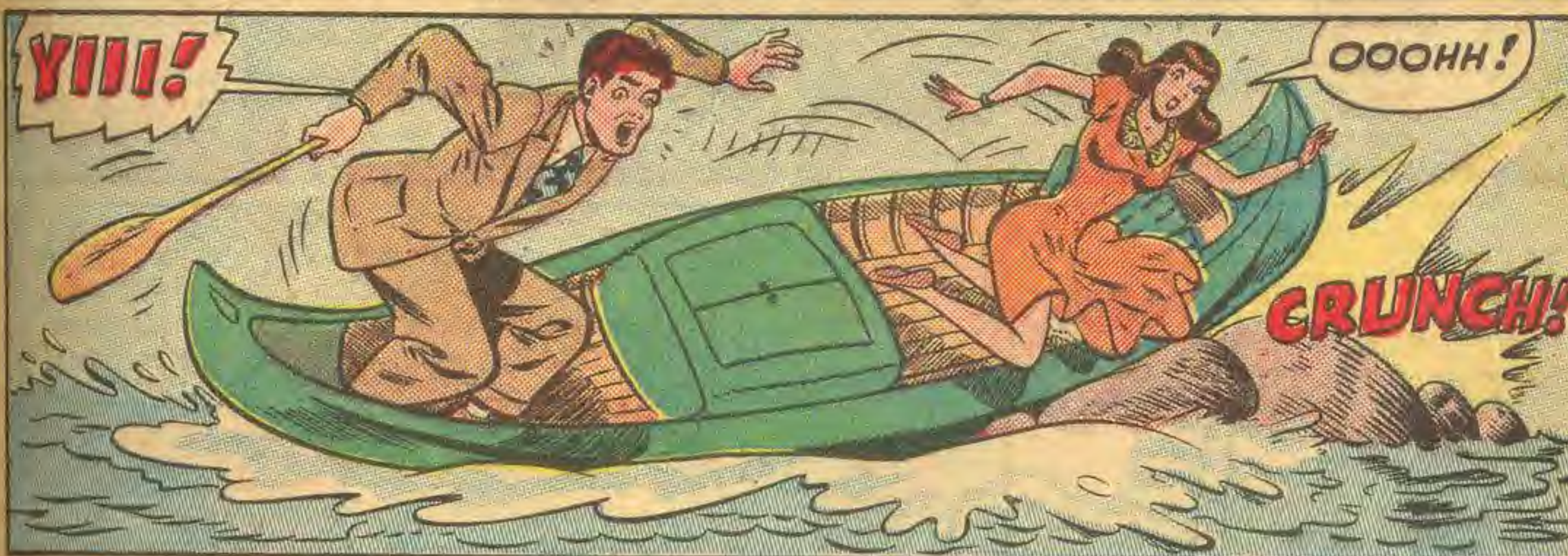


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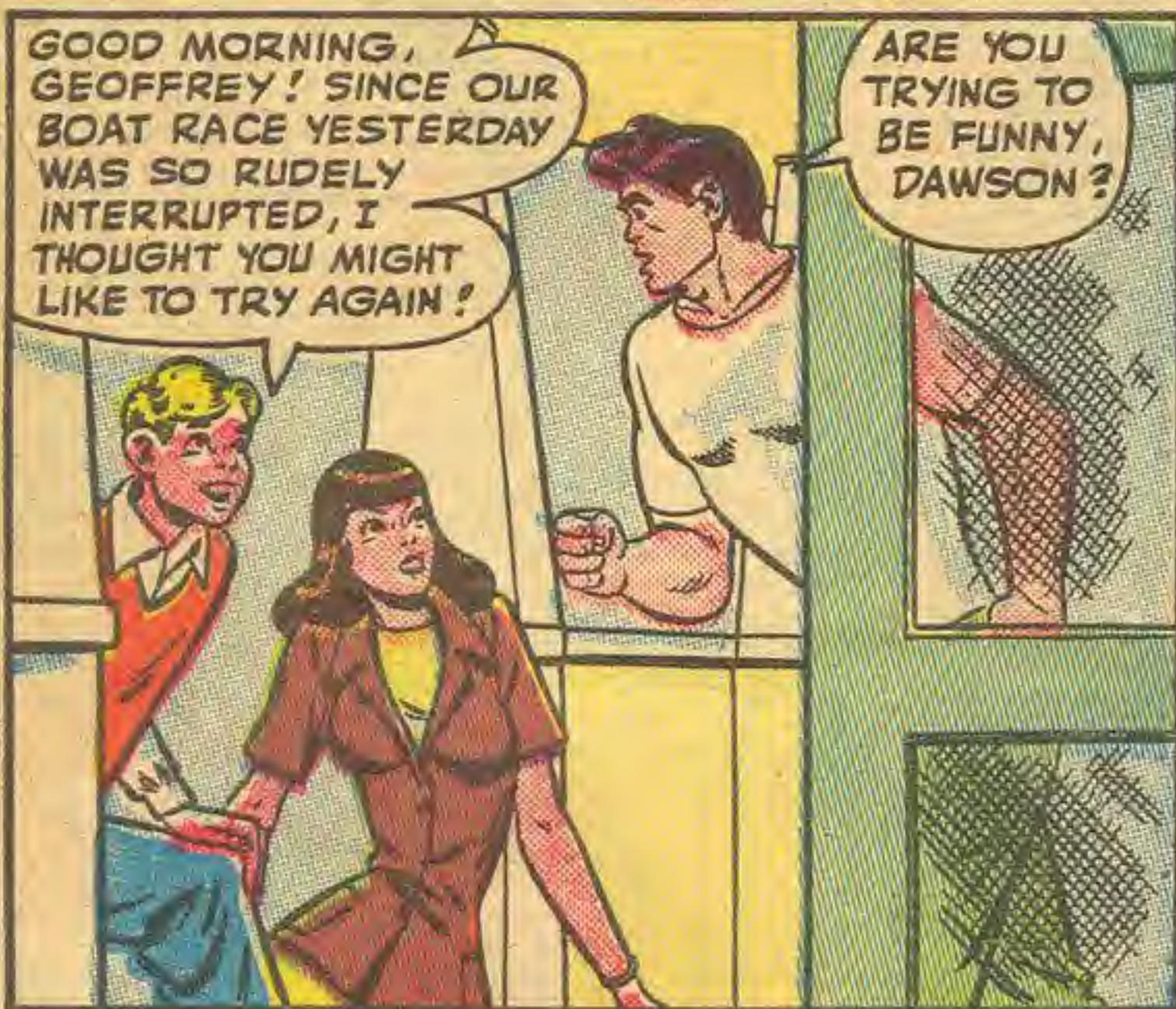




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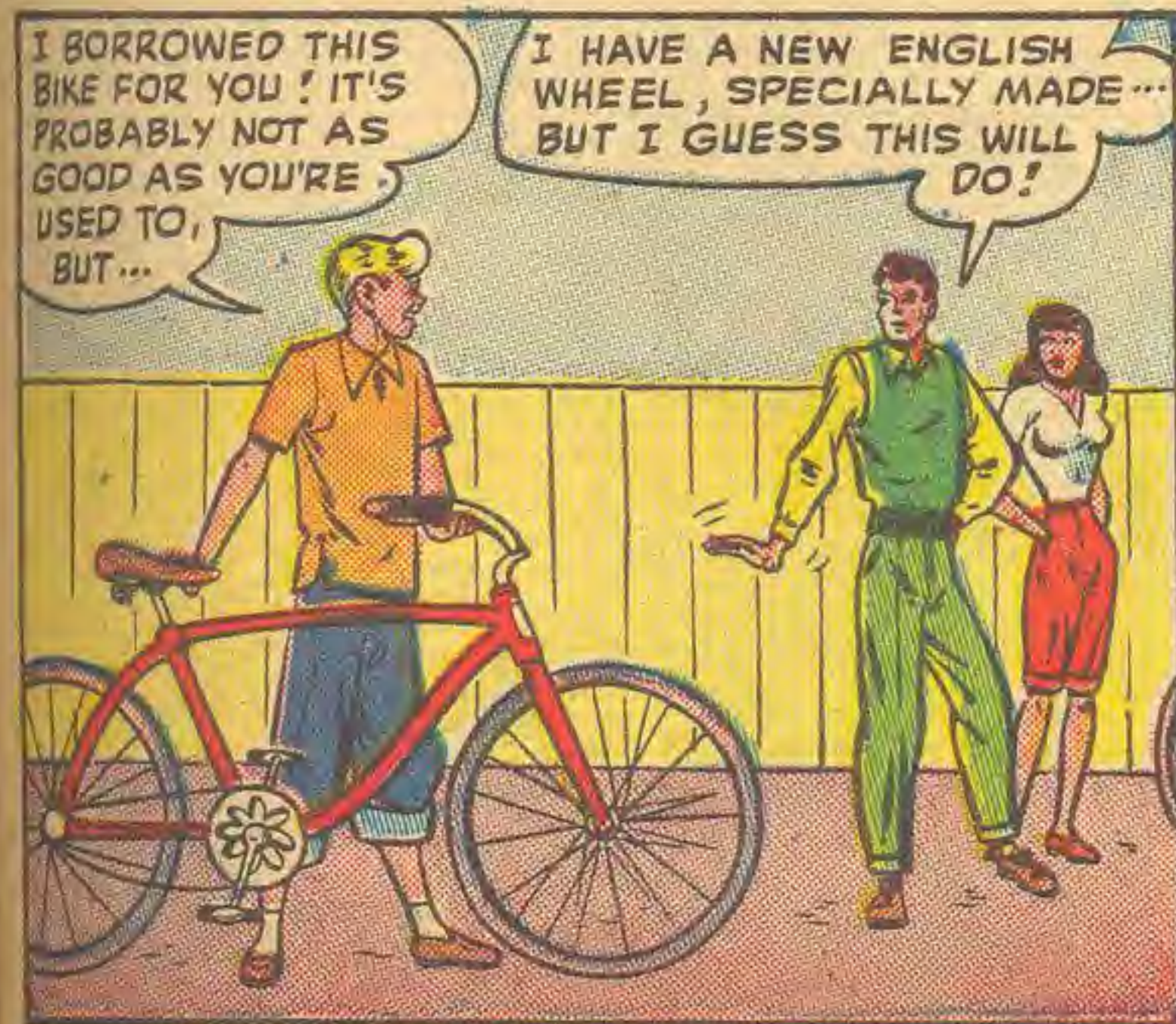
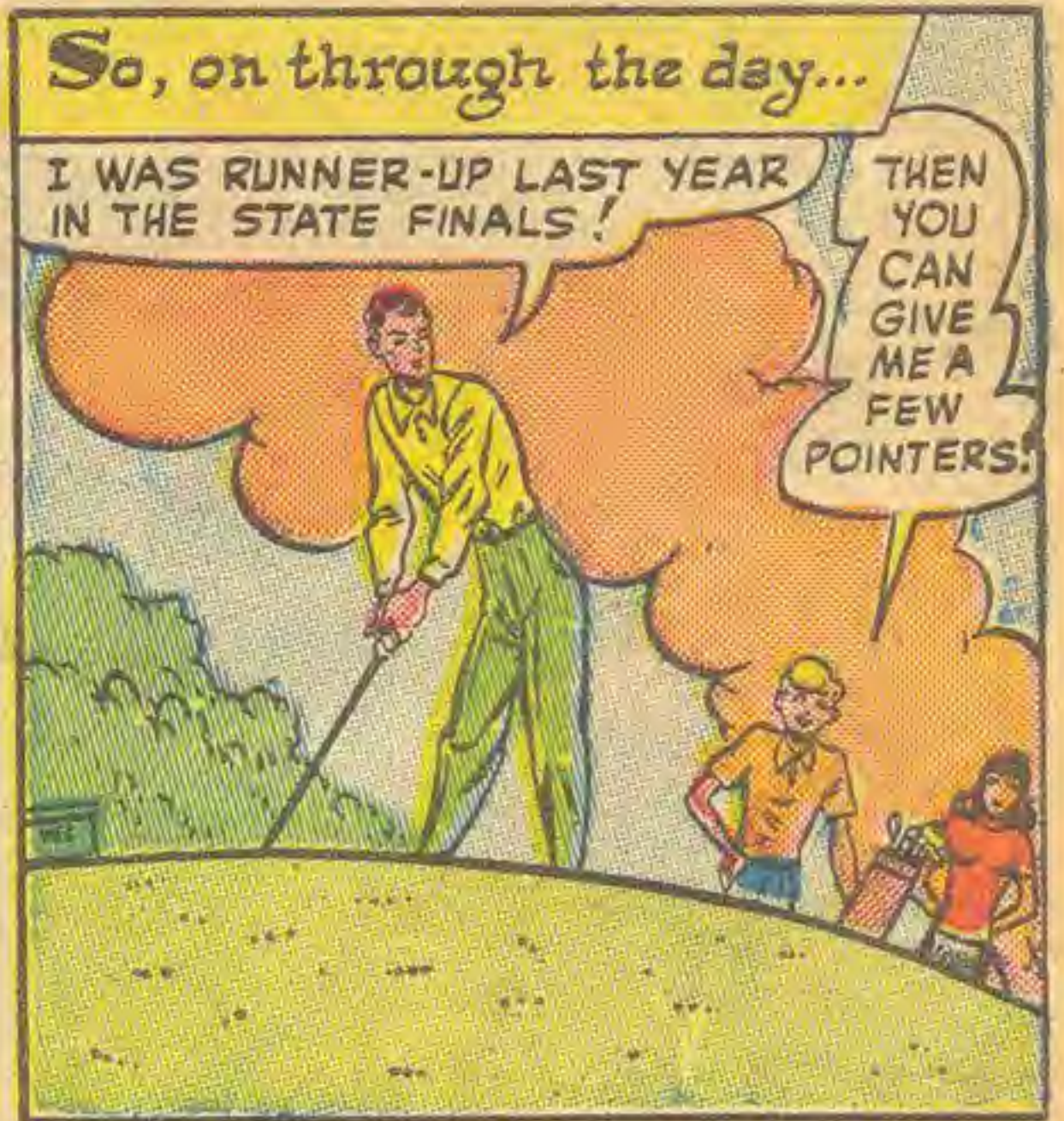
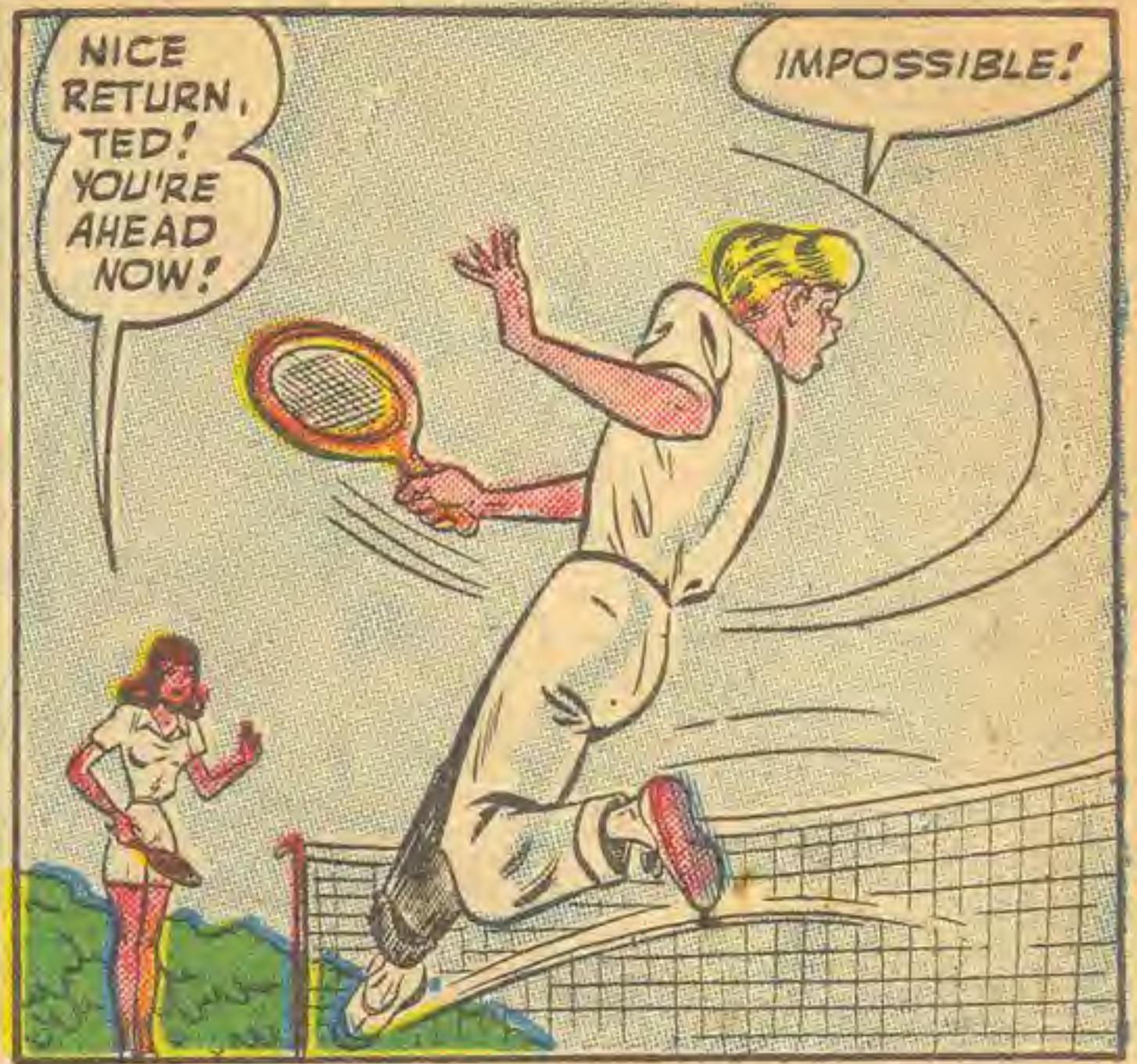
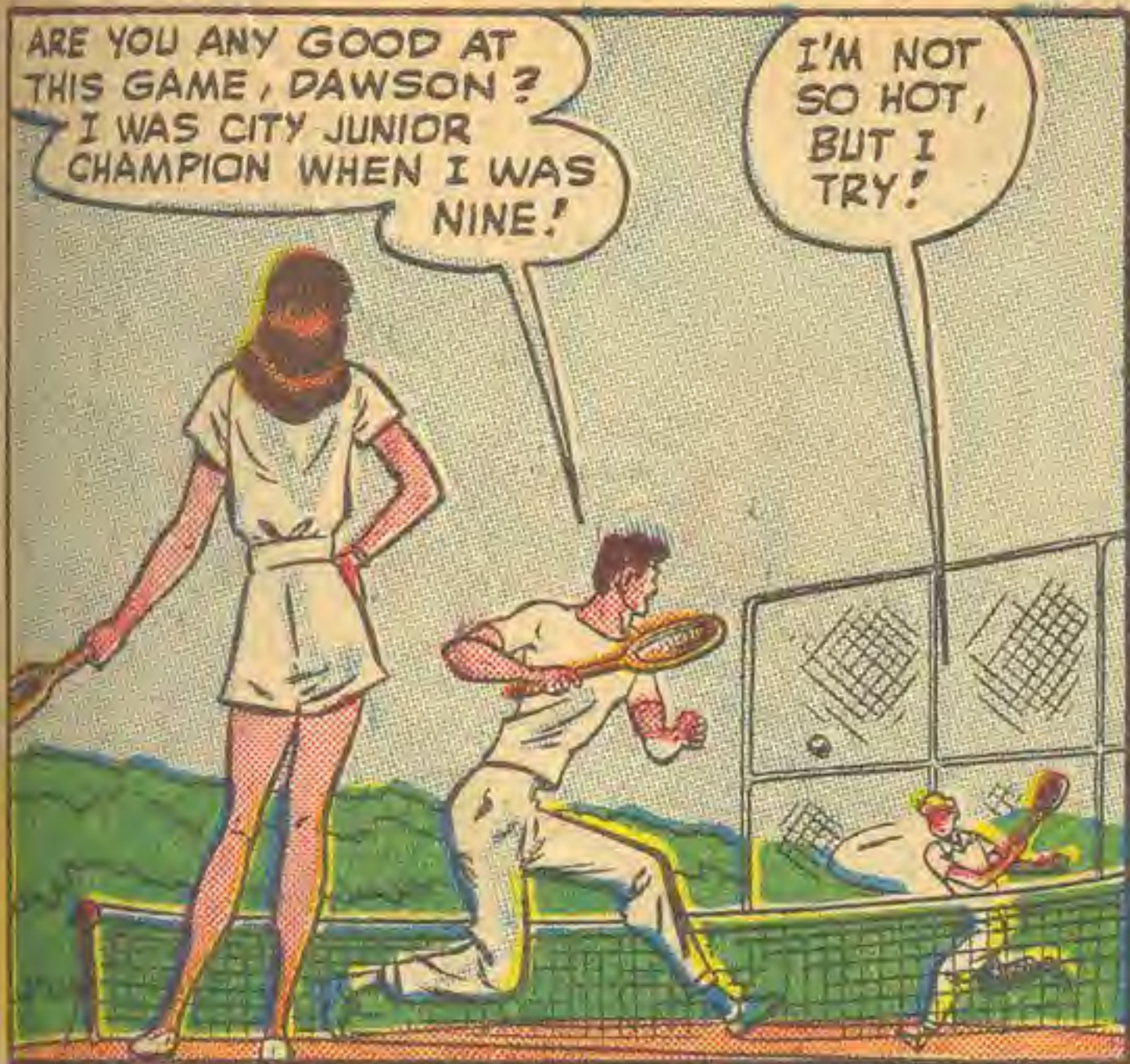








CANDY





# CANDY





# Jitters

I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT, BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE A NOTE OF UNFRIENDLINESS IN THIS PLACE!



HOW'RE WE GONNA GET THE JILLS OVER TO MY HOUSE FOR THE PARTY, JITTERS? WE PROMISED THEM TRANSPORTATION!

THINK NOTHING OF IT! MY LITTLE OLD SUPER-CHARGED BRAIN WILL COOK UP SOMETHING!

I'LL TOSS YOU! LOSER GOES IN FOR THE GROCERIES!

HEADS!

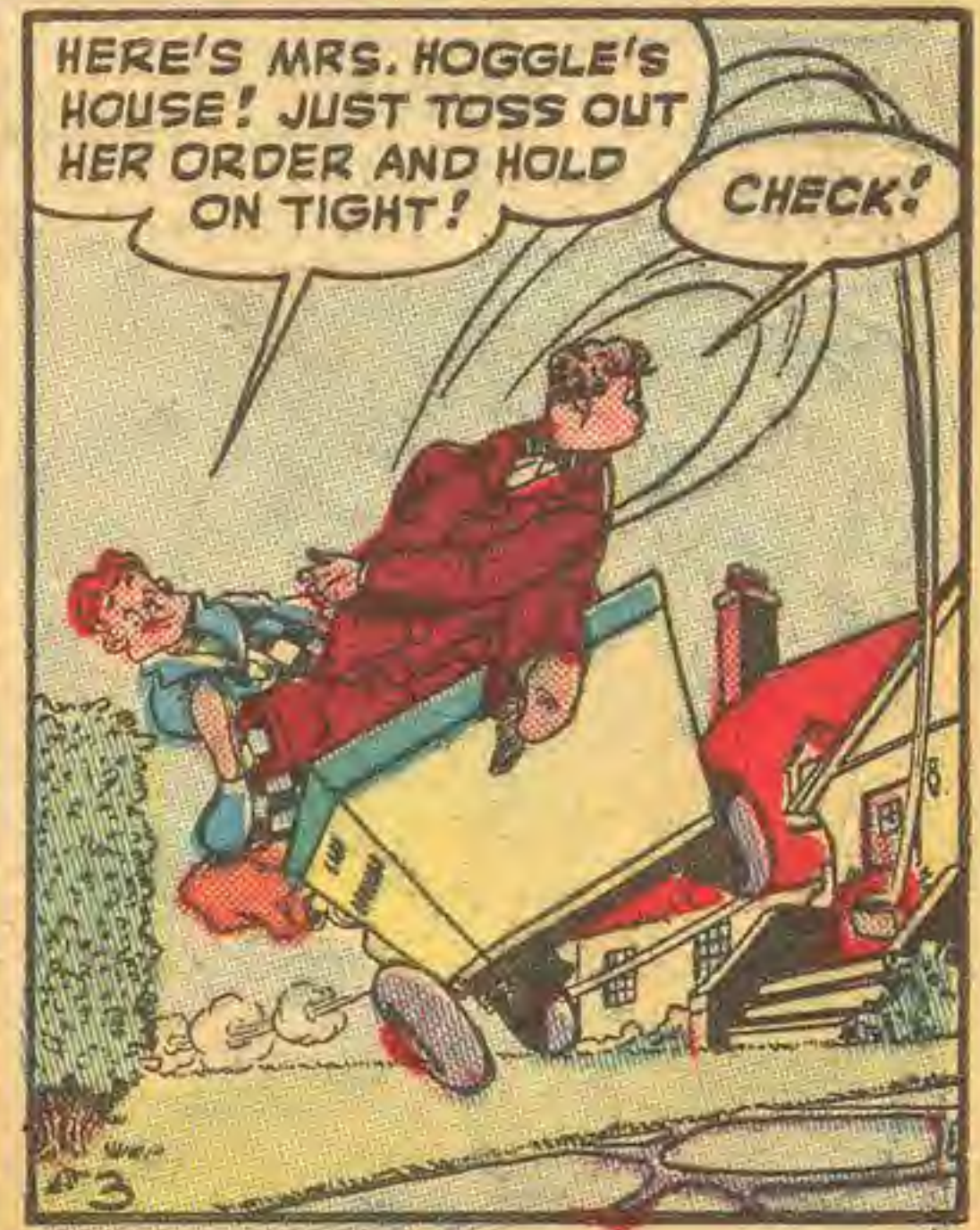
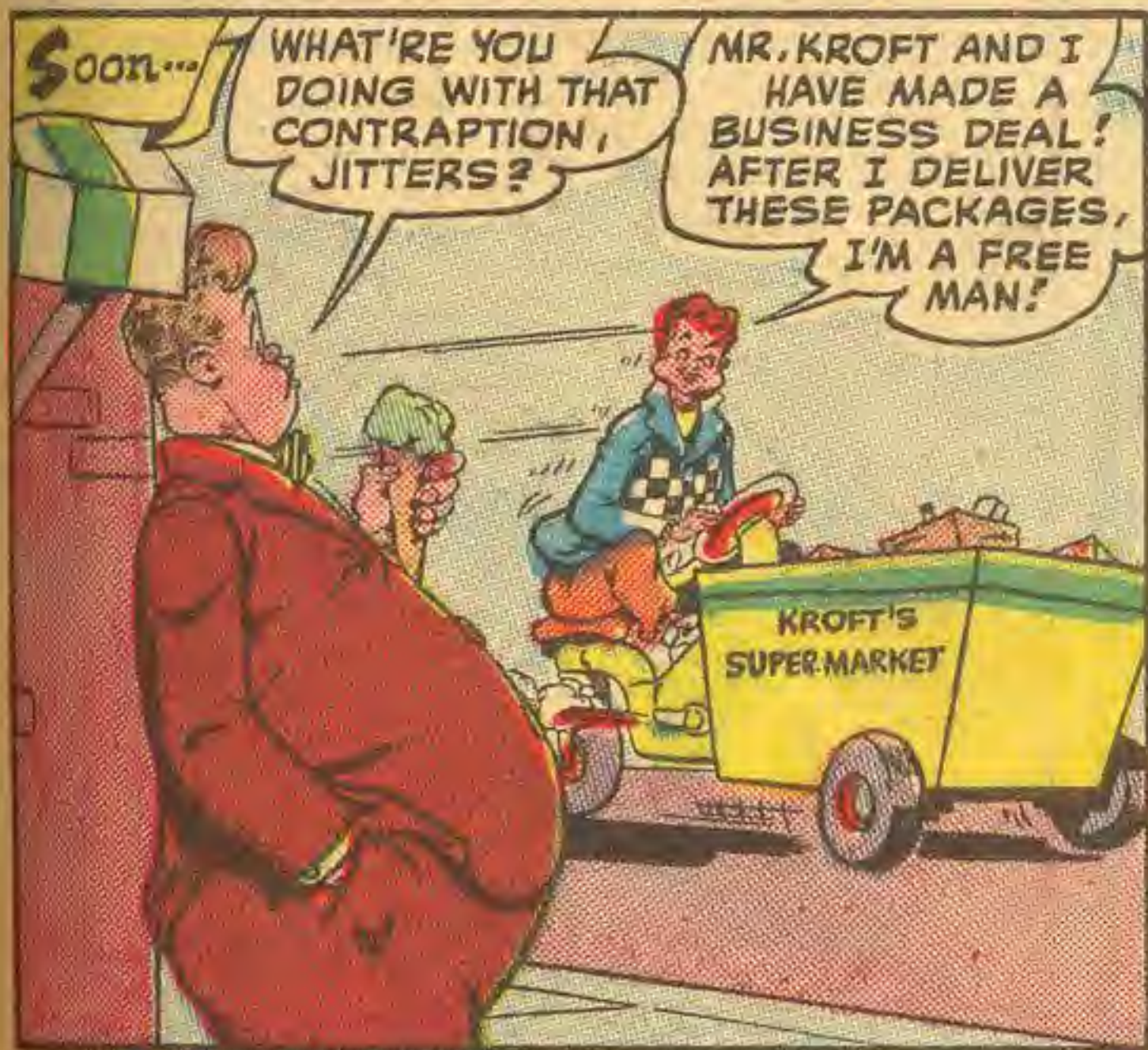




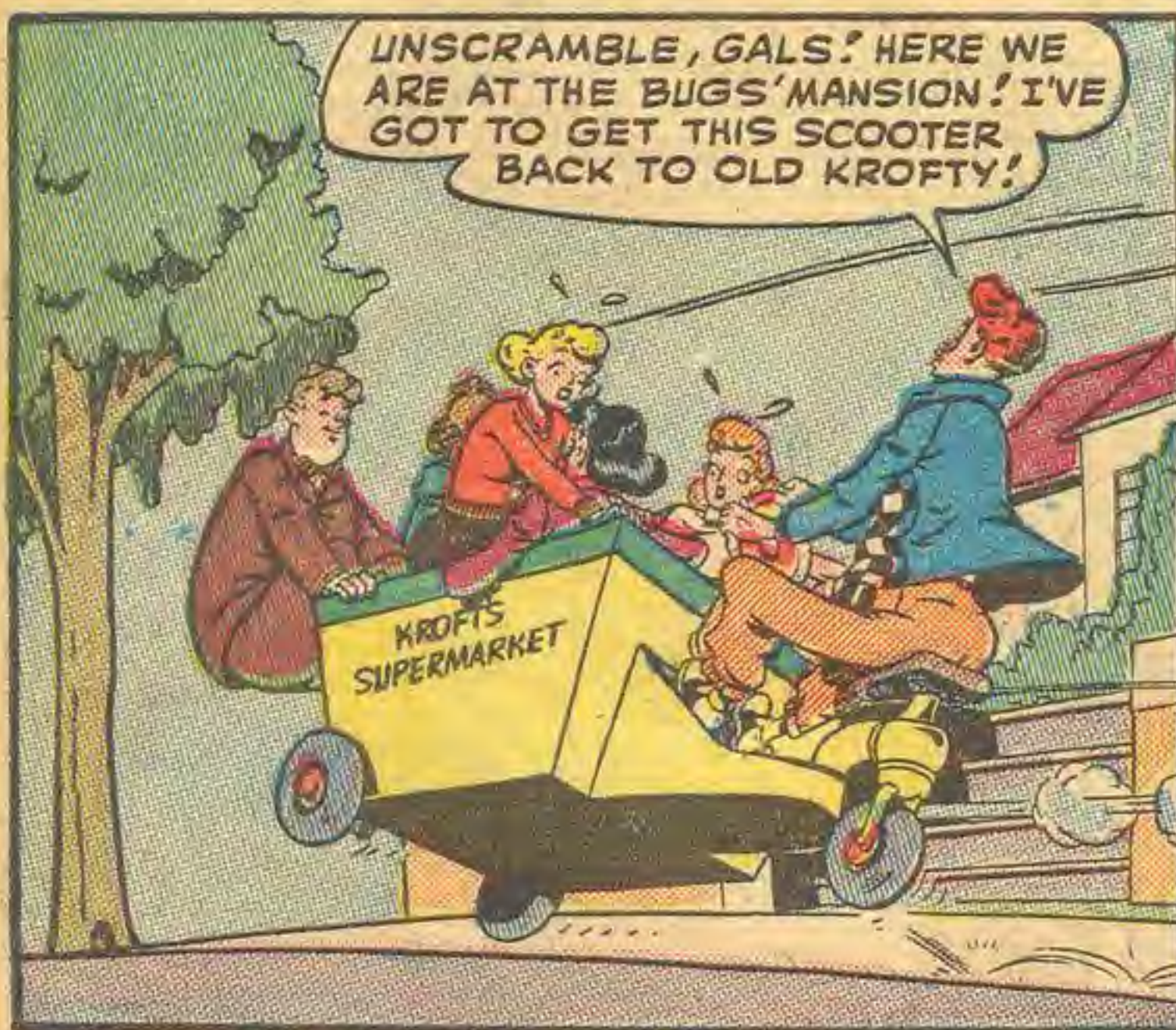
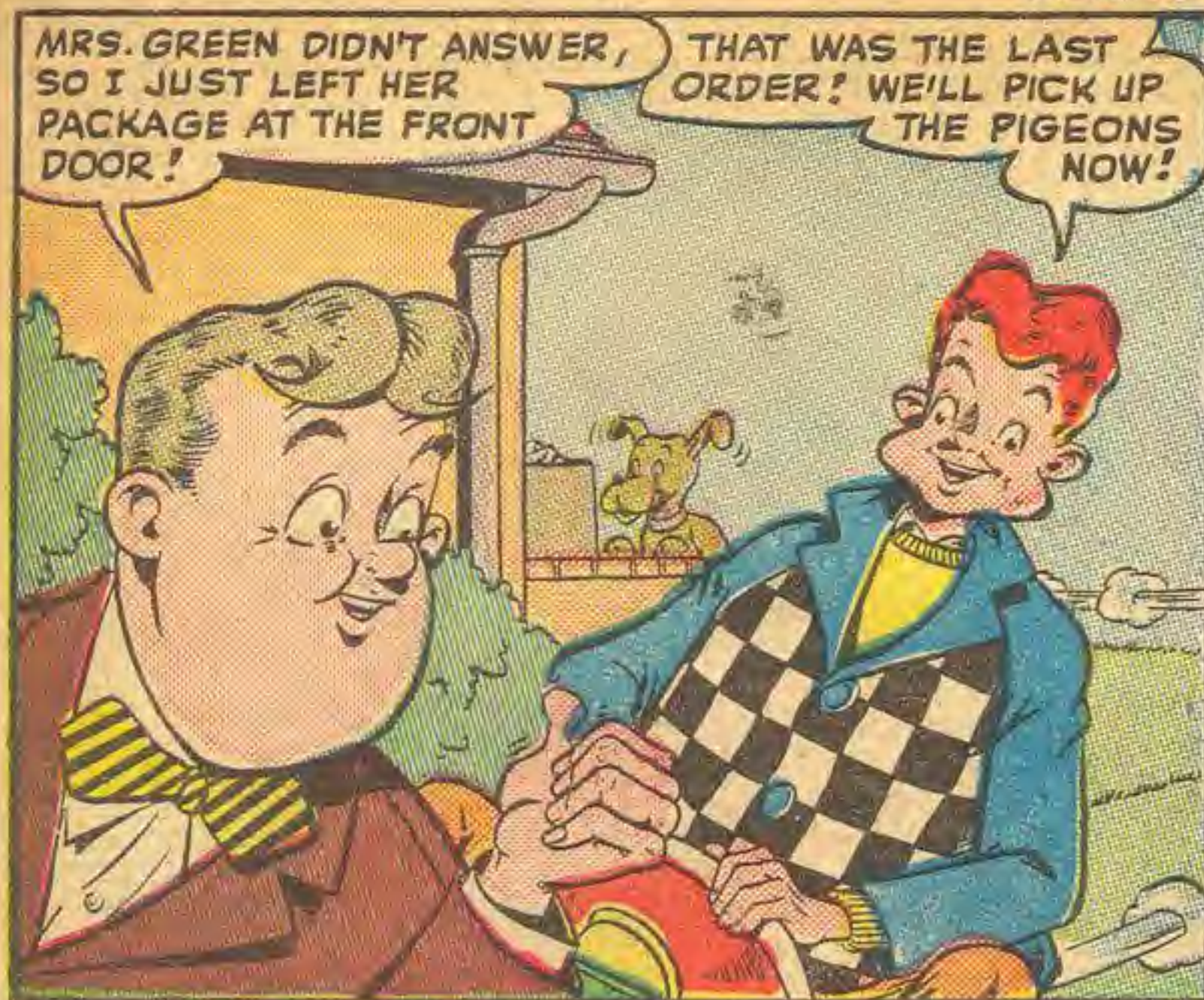
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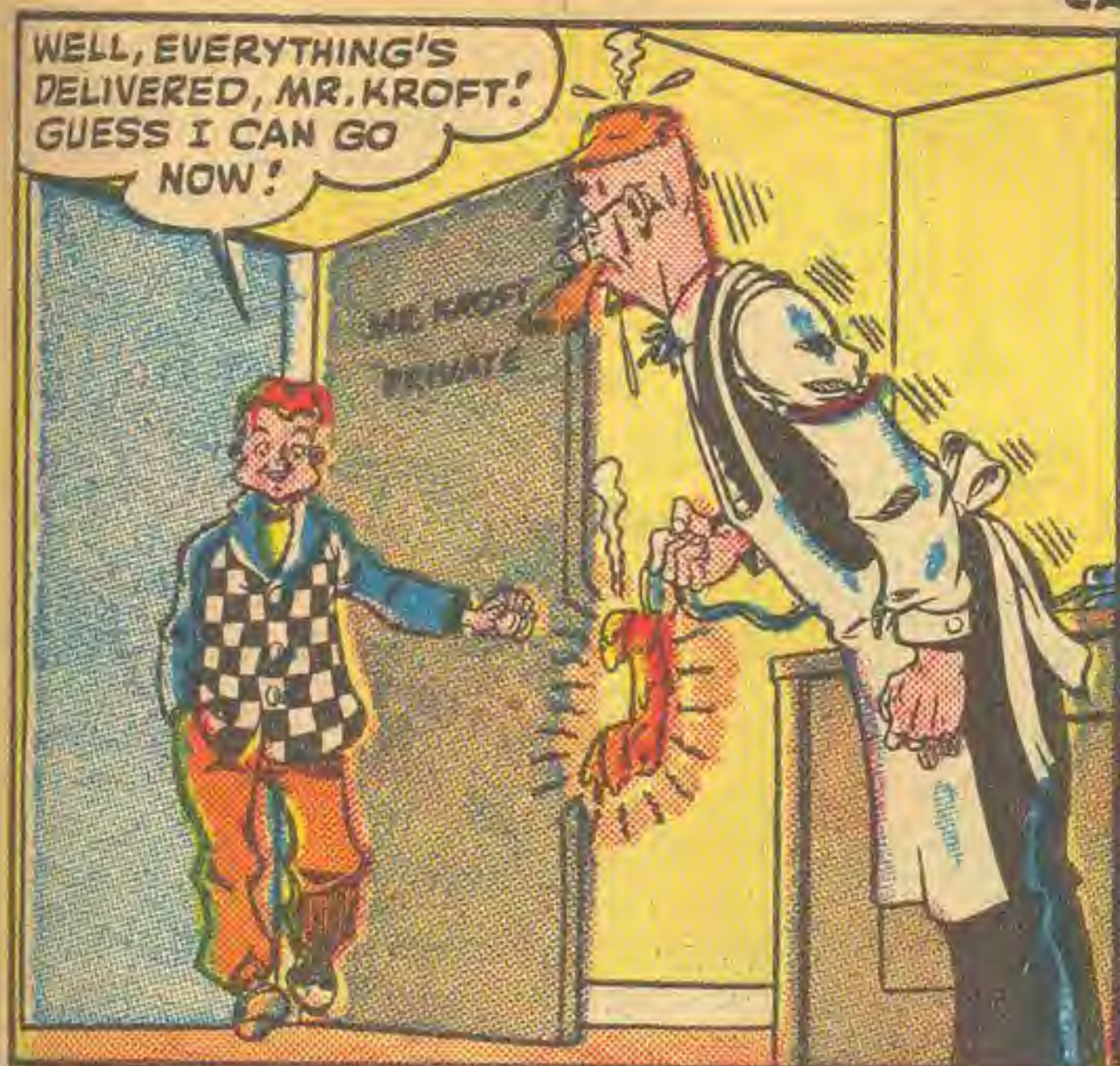








CANDY







A  
little  
later  
....



# The Witch of Sark



"GOSH," beamed Candy O'Connor to her girl friend, Trish, "isn't it wonderful that the faculty chose us for this exciting trip!"

Trish yawned and looked up from her book. "Why?" she said laconically. "We're the smartest girls in school, aren't we?"

"You are!" exclaimed Candy. "But I—pooh, I've never really taken my school work seriously."

Trish grinned. "They're sending you along as a sort of comedy relief," she said impishly. Then seeing the hurt look on Candy's face, she hastened to add, "I didn't mean that the way it sounds, honey. But you know, two heads are better than one on an archeological trek like this."

Candy was instantly mollified. "To think," she said, "that we'll soon be on the mysterious little Isle of Sark! Where is Sark, anyway?"

"Why, child," Trish replied, "you are dumb, aren't you? Sark is one of the Channel Islands, off the coast of Brittany."

The big liner they were on rolled to the easy Atlantic swells. It was the first time either of the girls had ever been on an ocean voyage.

A few days later the girls approached the tiny island of Sark in a power cutter. They found lodging at a little inn that had been built sometime in the sixteenth century. Their room overlooked the small harbor.

"We must find Madame Poel," said Trish when they were comfortably situated. "We'll go and have tea with her in the morning."

"Just who is she?" Candy asked.

"Oh," said Trish breezily, "I guess she is some kind of a novelist. But that's to count up a lot of other queer things she's supposed to be."

Candy looked puzzled.

"I mean," said Trish, "Madame Poel is reputed to be a witch. They say she had one of her ears cut off years ago for practicing witchcraft."

A little shudder passed over Candy. "I don't think I'm going to like her," she said.

Trish chuckled. "Wait till Friday night. That's when I hope she invites us to her home."

"Why? What goes on then?"

"Sabat," replied Trish. "It's the night when witches really do their stuff—sort of devil worship. Here's a little book you should glance through." She handed Candy a small volume entitled *Black Friday*.

Candy riffled the musty pages. "Why, it's in

French," she exclaimed. "You know my French is bad, Trish. How—"

Trish laughed. "Even if it were good you'd have a hard time reading that," she said. "It's written in an ancient dialect of Brittany."

Tea at Madame Poel's next morning was a rather dull experience. Madame did most of the talking. She told the girls she was glad somebody was taking the trouble to dig deeper into the mysteries of the Druids who had inhabited the isle in long-gone times; that she was in the middle of a new novel, and would call on the young visitors soon.

"So that's that," said Candy, when they were walking back toward their inn along the shingly beach. "Guess there'll be no Friday date, Trish."

"Who cares?" said her friend. "We'll take a peek at the doings anyway."

One thing, Trish told Candy, if there was no moon Friday, then Madame Poel would have no spook party. There must be a moon for the demons to be called out.

There was a moon when the girls set out about ten that Friday night to walk the half mile to Madame Poel's cottage. The island had gone to bed. There were no lights. A thin mist drifted in from the sea. It sent a chill over Candy and she clung close to Trish.

Soon they were climbing the low escarpment upon which stood Madame's house. There was only one light, a dim one, burning in the living room. The upper half of the double door stood open. The girls crept up close and peered inside.

They jumped when they heard soft piano music drifting from the room. It was a sweet melody that caught the ear—haunting, plaintive.

They edged around the corner of the house to a window where they could get a better look. Now they could see the ancient piano, the bench in front of it, and a diaphanous shadow figure of a young and beautiful girl seated there. She had a waxen face and blonde hair. Her clinging robe was soft white. She ran her hands over the keys.

"Gosh," whispered Trish. "She looks like an angel! Who can she be?"

The music stopped abruptly on a jangling note. Then, almost as though she had appeared out of thin air, the girl stood before them. She was smiling slightly. She waved them toward the door.



## CANDY

"Do come in," she invited. "My aunt is indisposed tonight, but she told me you were coming. Please make yourselves comfortable."

Old Madame's niece! It was hard to believe. And old Madame hadn't expected them at all!

Seen under the dim light of the room, the girl was indeed beautiful, in an ethereal way. But *shadowy*—the impression remained with them both.

"I am Louise Latour," the girl told them. "Auntie has retired, but she asked me to carry on."

"You mean—" began Trish.

"The *sabat*?" smiled Louise. "But certainly!"

"Strange," said Trish, "that Madame never spoke about you. Do you live here, too?"

"Oh, yes," said Louise. "But then I'm always busy in Auntie's study, except when I go out to bathe at night. Few of the villagers have ever seen me, so a sort of mystery hangs over me." She laughed a tinkling laugh. "But I hope that won't keep you girls from visiting us. . . . Shall I play for you?"

She was more ghostly than ever, Candy thought, as she sat at the piano and ran her hands lightly over the keys. A moment later a cold wind swept through the room, banging the upper part of the door shut with a loud noise. The girls jumped. Louise bounded up and ran to look out at the sky. Then she came across the room, shaking her head. She looked at her guests.

"Storm coming," she said ruefully. "It will obscure the moon. We'll have to postpone *sabat*."

"Then," said Trish, who felt anxious to inhale some of that cold air, "we'd better be running along. How about us coming over next Friday night?"

"Surely," said the lovely girl. "My aunt will see you meantime. Good night!"

Outside, Candy shivered. So did Trish.

"Say," said Trish, "did you ever see anything like her? Beautiful, but something very strange and puzzling about her. Like—like—"

"A ghost?" said Candy in a stage whisper.

"Yes—like a ghost."

"Did you notice something else that was odd about Louise?" asked Candy, as they strolled along. "I mean, about her head?"

"There was something," said Trish. "But—"

"Her right ear had been cut off close to her head," said Candy. "I distinctly saw it; you could tell by the way her hair lay against her head, flat. Ugh!"

"Yes!" cried Trish. "Of course, that's it. I wonder how all this adds up."

A soft padding behind them brought the girls around quickly. They were still only half way to the inn. A great black dog, the largest dog either had ever seen, padded along behind them, sniffing the air. It halted when they did.

"Heavens!" shrieked Candy.

Trish clapped her hands imperiously. "Go away, you!" she ordered. The dog growled savagely and bared his great teeth. "Scat!" shouted Trish. She bent to pick up a stone. The dog gave a great bound into the air and with a ferocious growl fled back the way he had come.

When the breathless girls reached the inn, the old concierge was up waiting for them.

"Ah, my young Americans," he cried, "you have come back, eh? It is well. It is well not to be abroad on Friday nights."

Trish said, "Why?"

The old man rubbed his hands and shook his grizzled head. "It is not for me to speak. But on Friday nights things not of this earth take place, they say."

Trish told him what had befallen them.

"But *ma'mselle*," he cried, in amazement, "Madame has no niece! And there is no dog such as that on the whole isle of Sark. You must be mistaken."

"No sir!" exclaimed Candy. "He followed us part way. He was a huge beast. And I saw Louise with my own eyes. She is beautiful!"

"No, no, good friends," sighed the old man. "There is no girl, no dog—"

A shot stabbed the quiet of the night. The three, Candy, Trish and the concierge, hurried outside into the courtyard. Two fishermen were dragging a heavy body toward the inn. In the light of the doorway the girls saw that it was a dog. *The dog*. One of its ears had been cut off close to its head. It was an old cut.

"We don't know where he came from," said one of the fishermen. "Must've fallen off a ship. He'd have killed all the sheep on the island, so we shot him. Ugly beast, isn't he?"

Other guests had crowded outside by now. Everybody agreed that it was indeed an ugly beast.

A queer feeling came over Candy. That dog's ear. . . .

The next day she and Trish went to Madame Poel's cottage. There was a small crowd of people in the yard. Madame was nowhere to be found.

"What can have happened to her?" someone asked. "Poor old Madame."

"How about her niece, Louise?" asked Trish.

Everybody turned and stared at the American girl.

"Madame has no niece," a sharp-eyed Breton told her. "Madame had no relatives."

So then the girls knew. But did they know? Did witchcraft actually exist? Had Madame Poel really been all three creatures—herself, Louise, and the great dog? Had she been able to take any of those forms at will? Madame had an ear missing, too!

"We'd better get busy," said Trish, "and confine the rest of our visit to Druid ruins on Sark. We don't want to lose an ear or our



# Candy



I'M SURE  
GONNA MISS  
YOU WHILE  
YOU'RE ON YOUR  
VACATION,  
CANDY!

OH, TED,  
I'LL MISS  
YOU, TOO!

DO YOU THINK  
THERE'LL BE ANY...  
ER...OTHER MEN  
OR ANYTHING  
AT THE BEACH?

IF THERE ARE, I  
WON'T HAVE TIME  
FOR THEM! I'LL BE  
BUSY WRITING TO  
YOU!

STEP ASIDE,  
KIDS! THIS  
LUGGAGE  
IS HEAVY!

G-GOSH, CANDY!  
I WON'T EVEN  
LOOK AT  
ANOTHER GIRL  
WHILE YOU'RE  
AWAY!

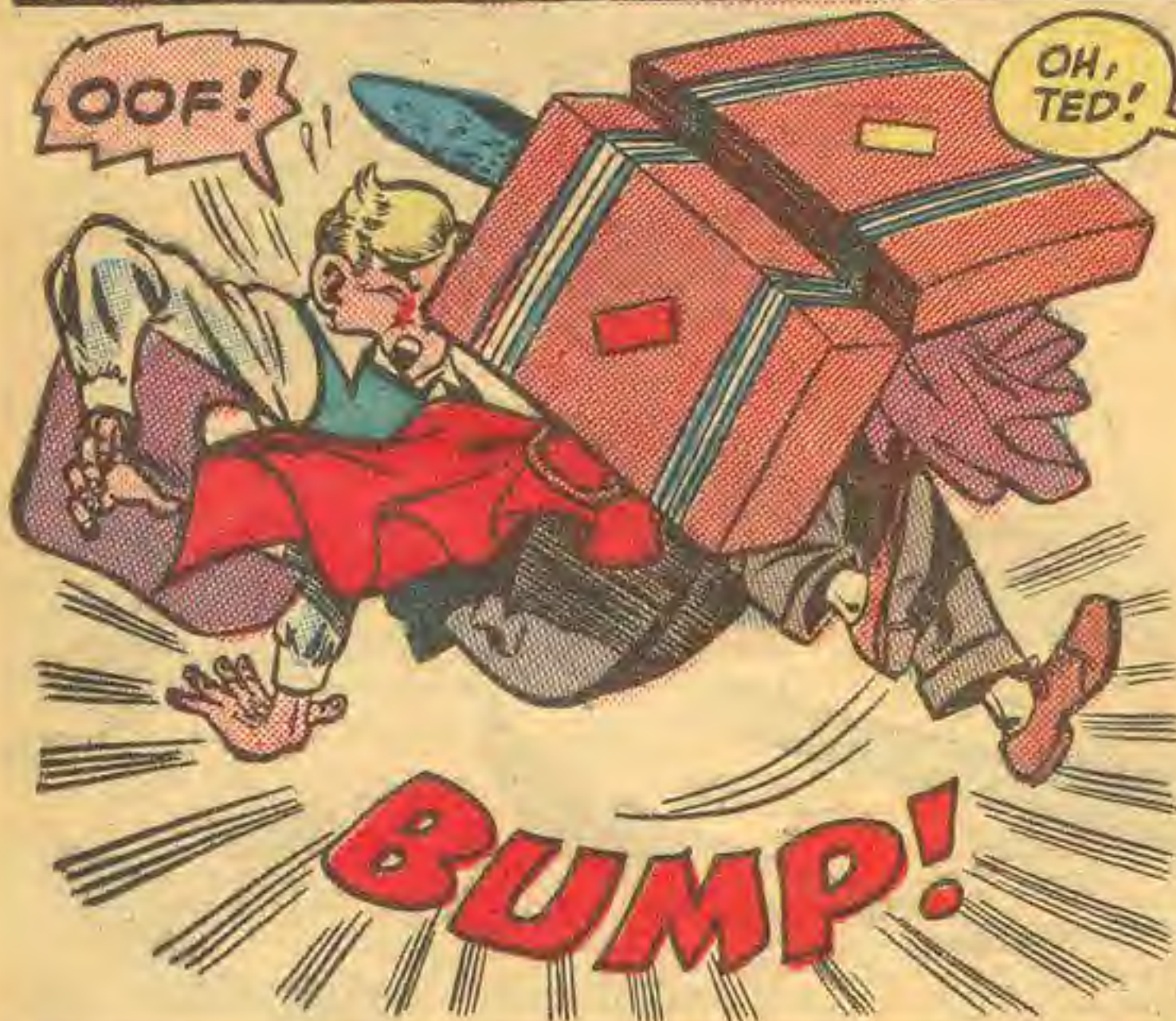
WELL, WHILE  
YOU'RE NOT  
LOOKING,  
TED, WILL YOU  
TOTE ONE OF  
THESE BAGS TO  
THE CAR, PLEASE?

SIGH!



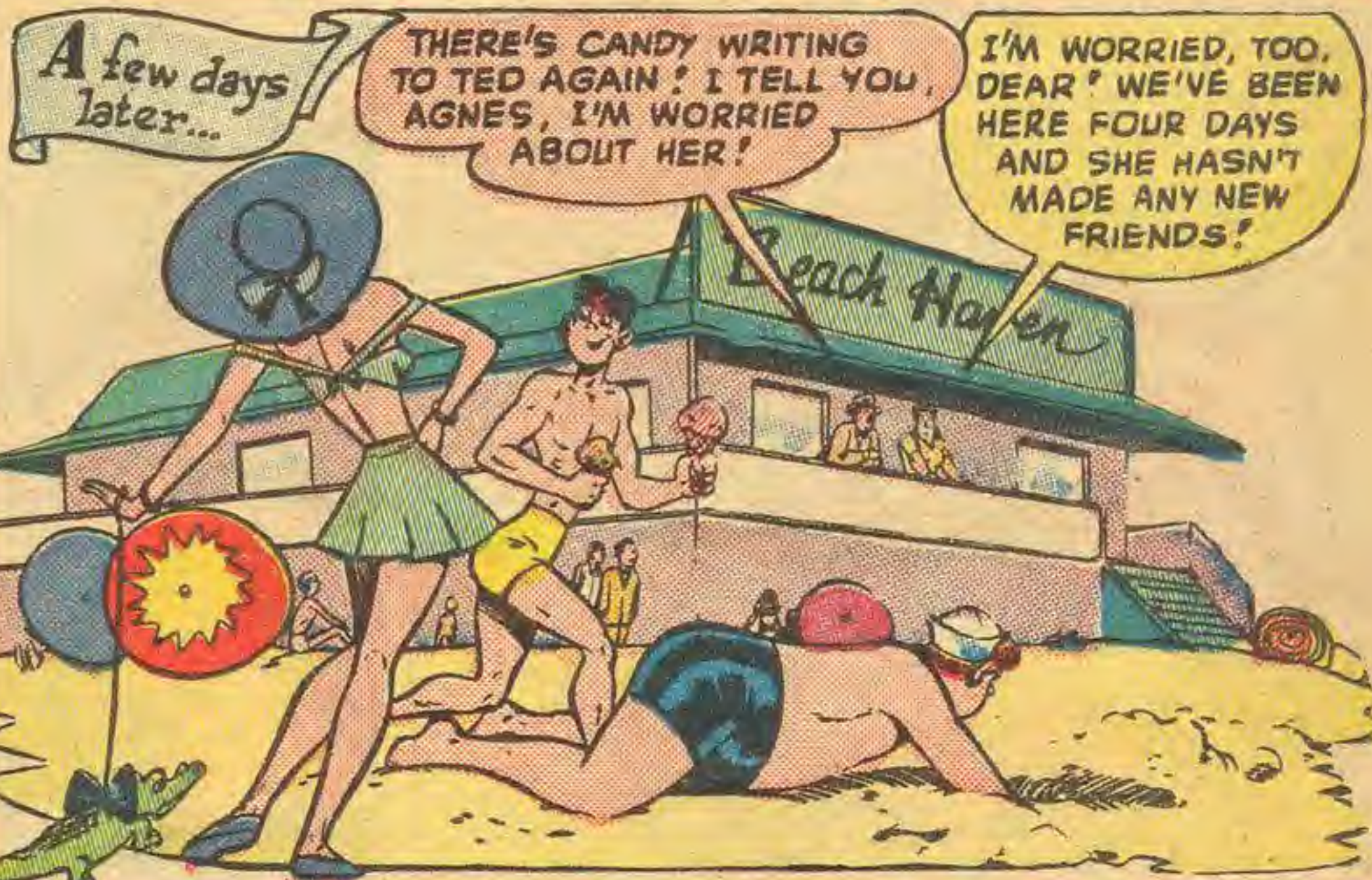


CANDY



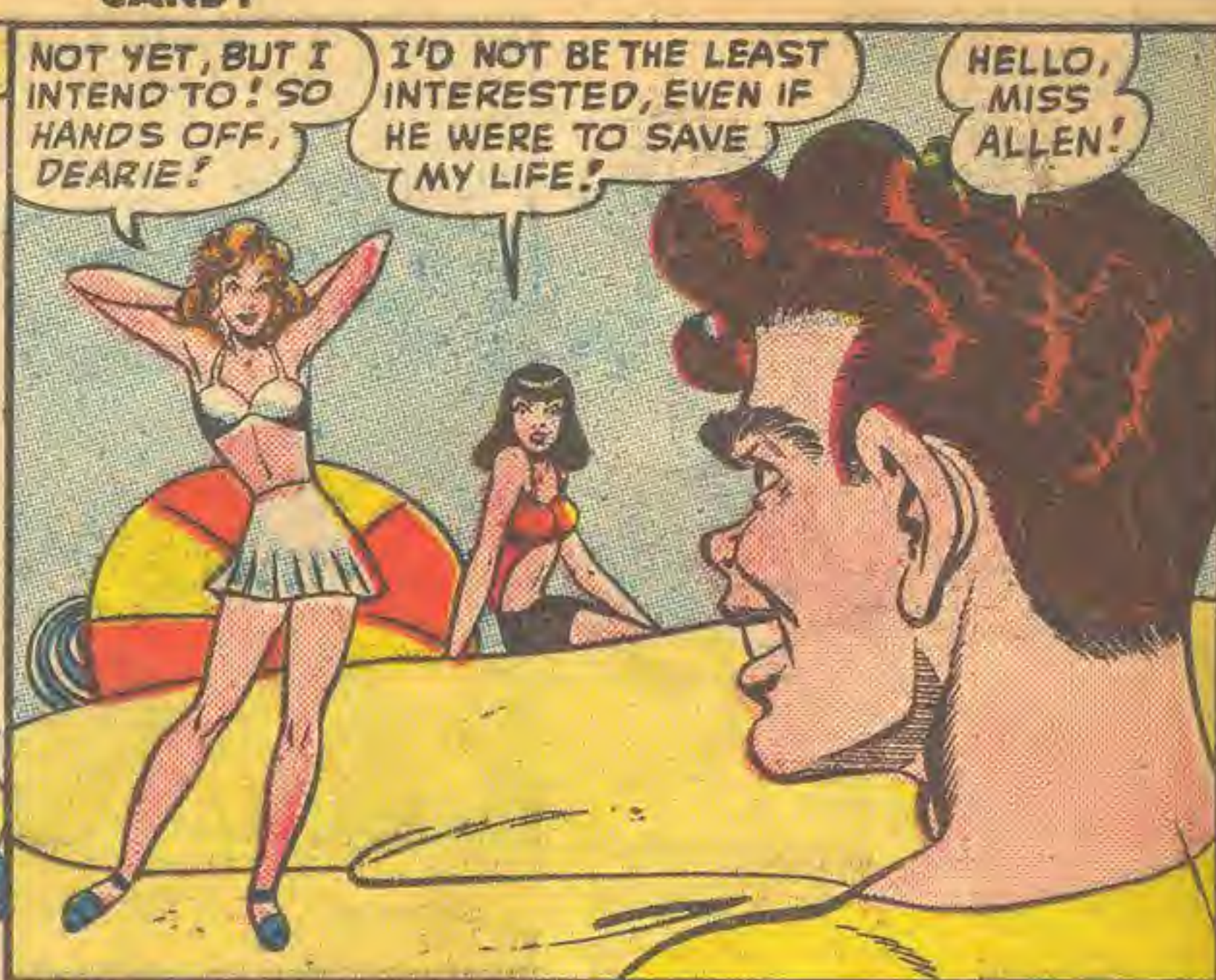


# CANDY

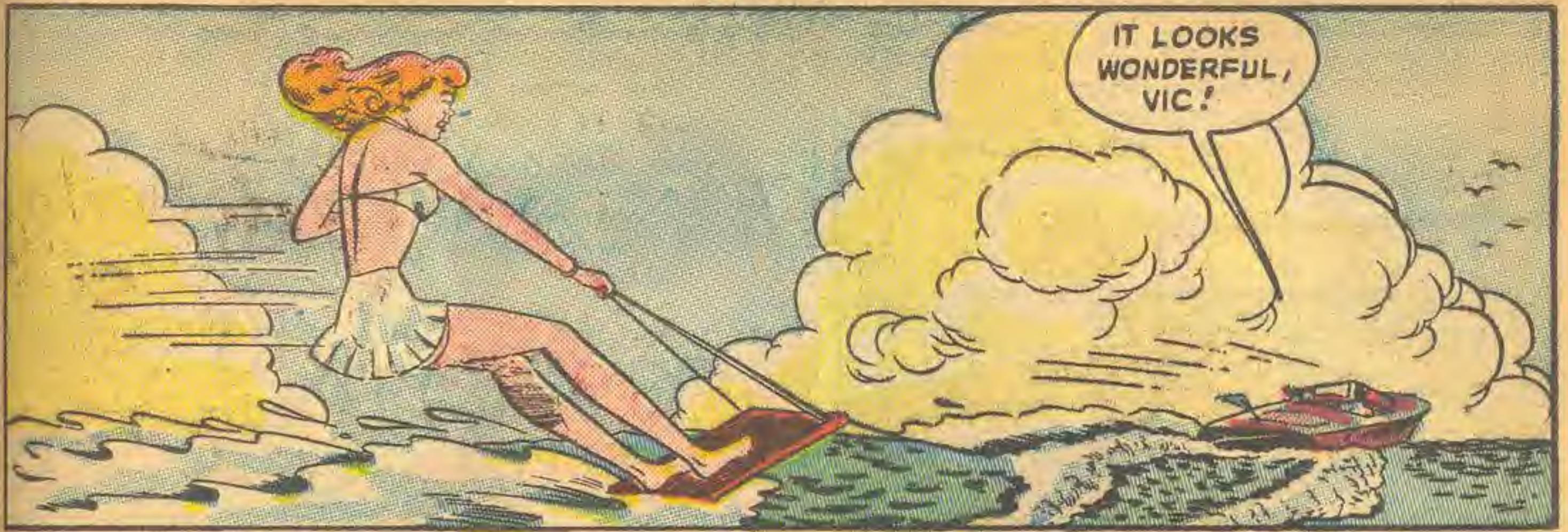




CANDY







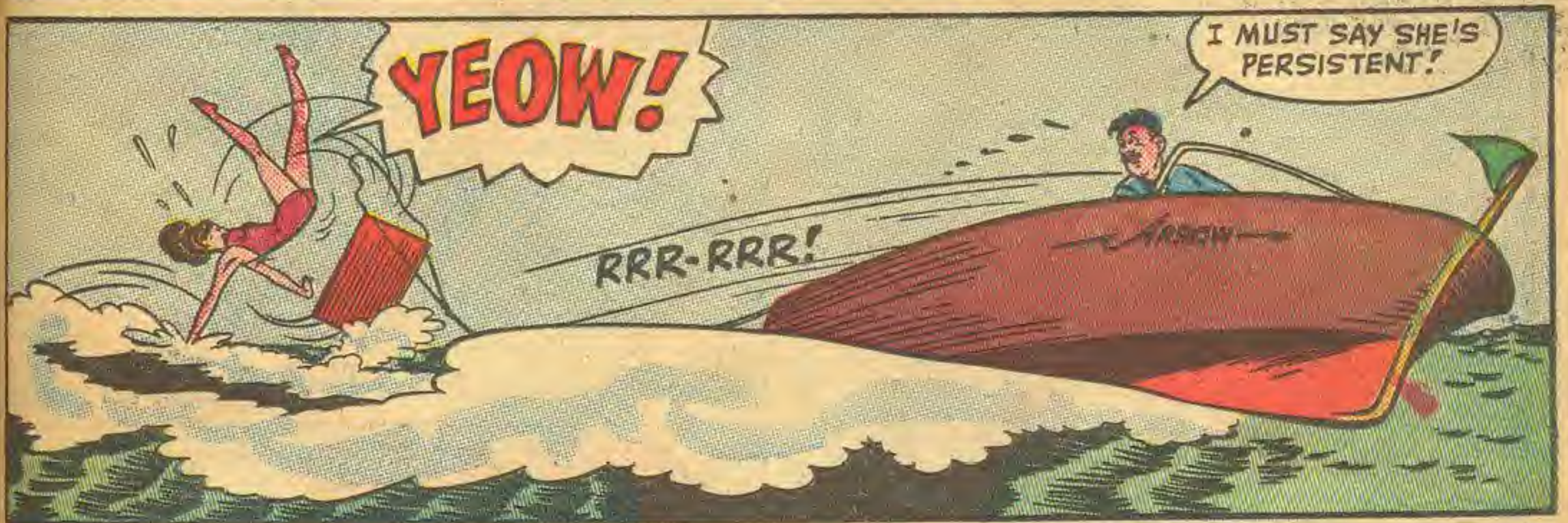
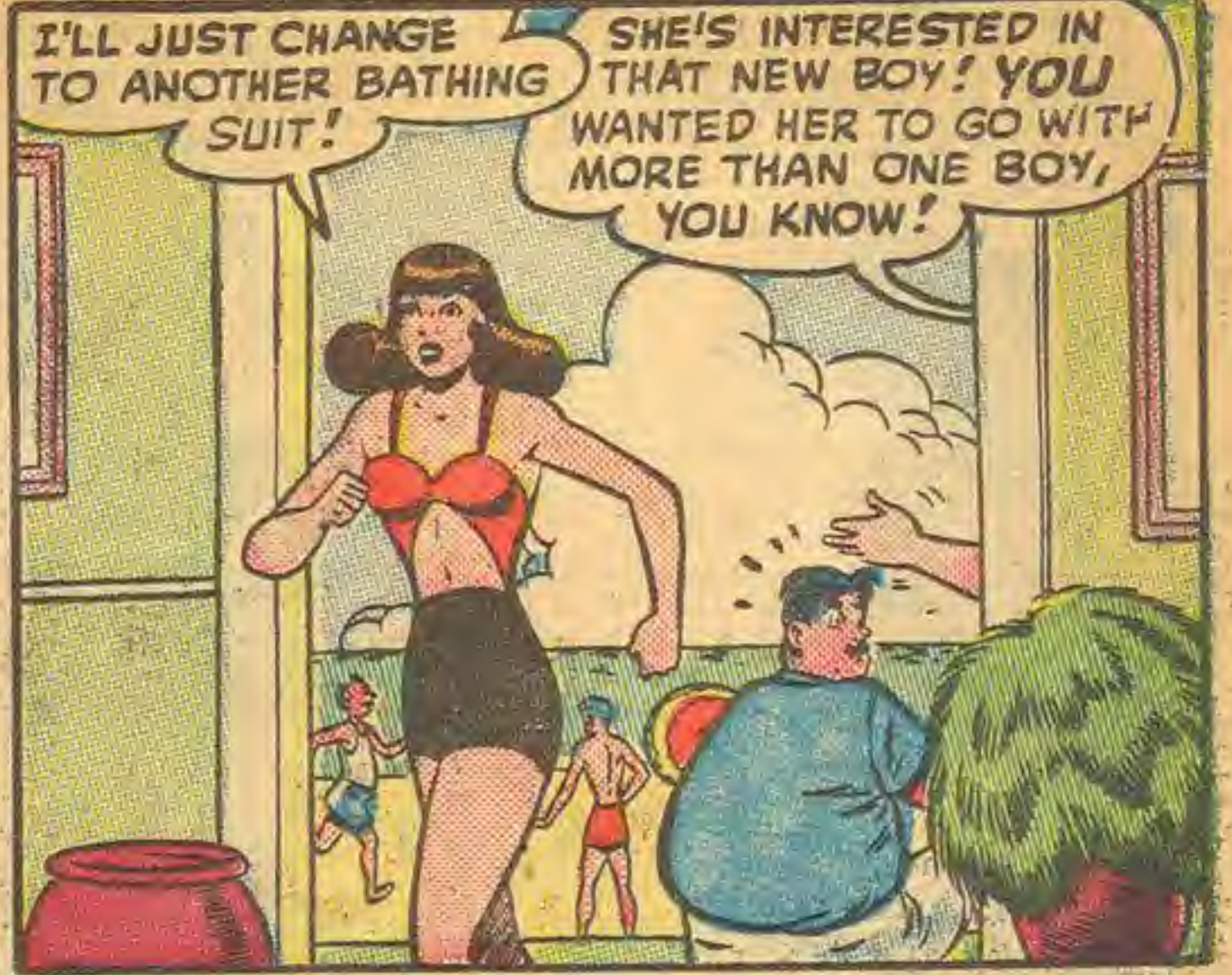


CANDY

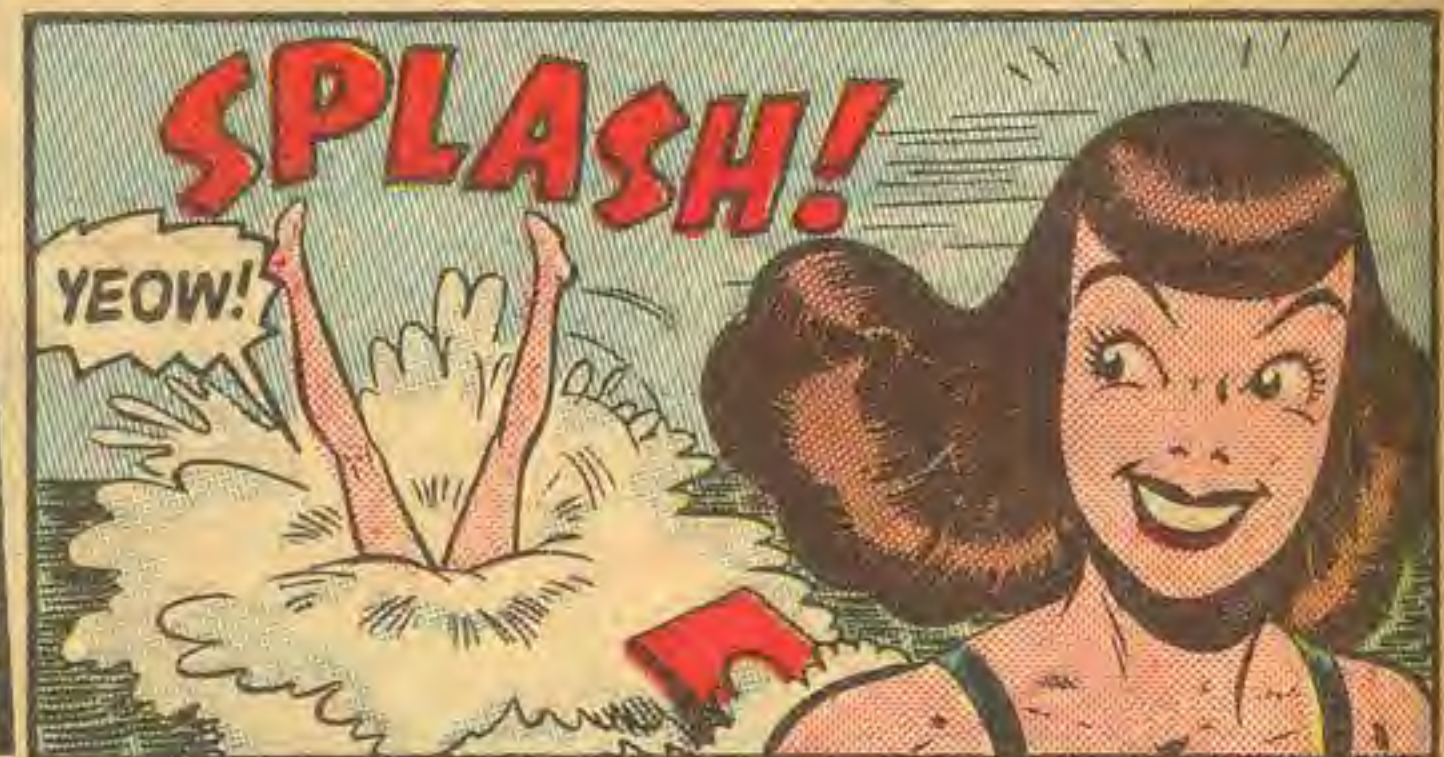




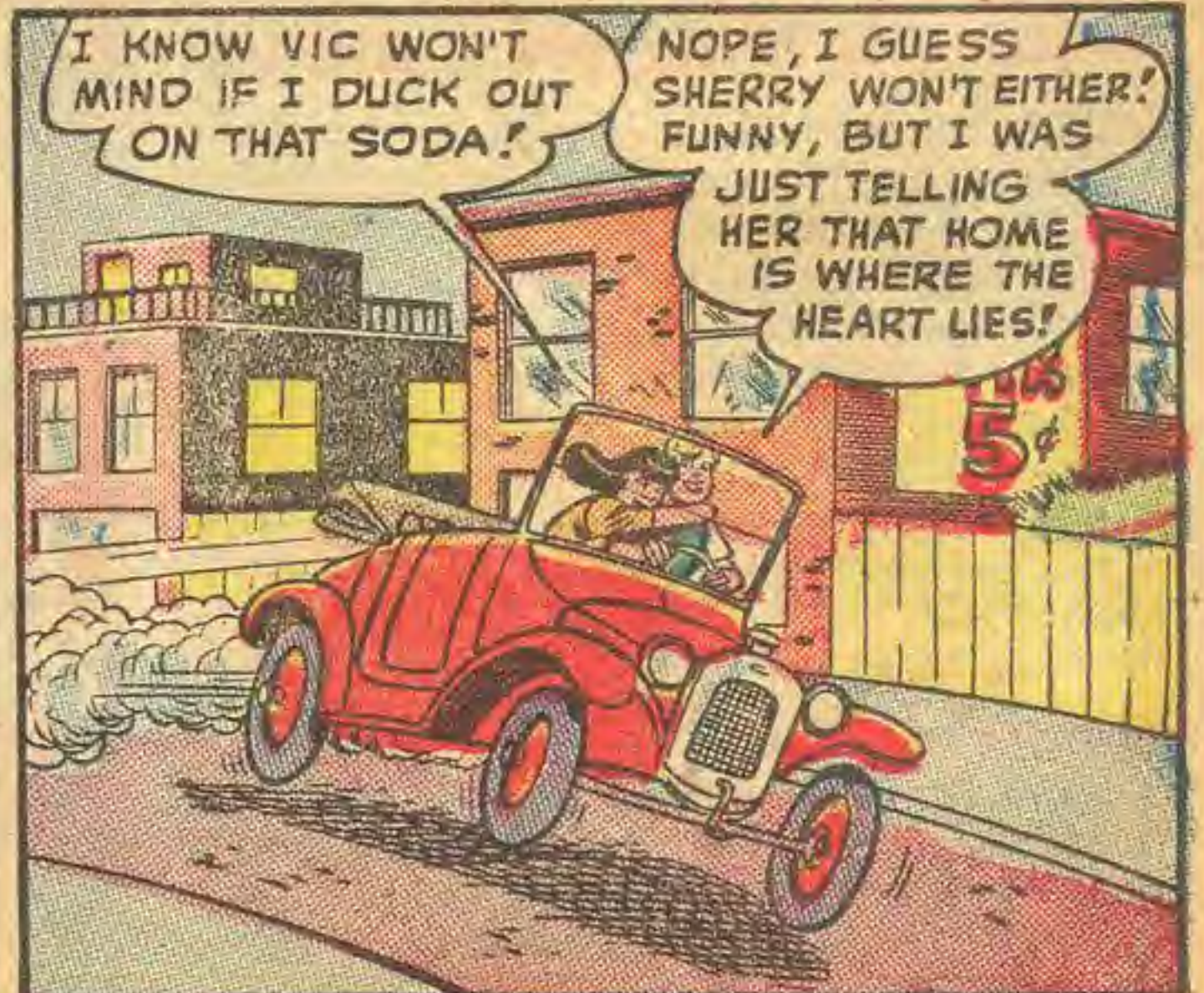
CANDY













AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



*Sturdy  
Steel  
Construction*

**SEND NO MONEY**

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$3.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



famous  
*Simplex* **PORTABLE  
TYPEWRITER**

Only **\$3.98** Post Paid

**A KEY FOR EACH LETTER**

*It's Fast!  
It's Easy!  
It's Efficient!  
It's Accurate!*

**PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...**

**...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!**

Yes, it's back again... but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer you at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$3.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spring Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

*Hey Kids!*... like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

**AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-139**

**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC  
BECAUSE YOU**

*Make Money With Your Own*

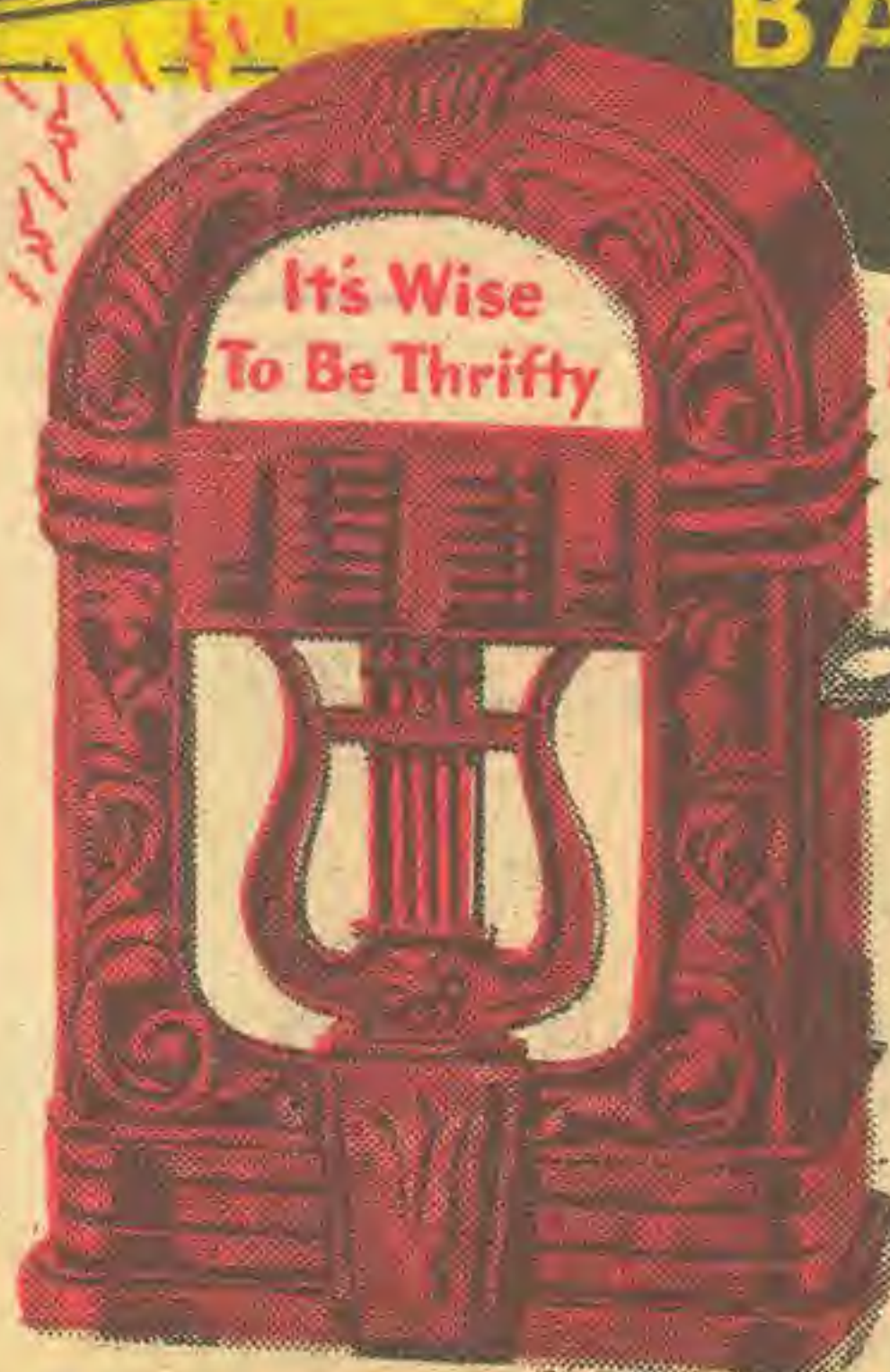
**JUKE BOX  
BANK**

**A. Real Money-Maker  
For You... Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP  
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's easy to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

**SEND NO MONEY:** send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



**It's Wise  
To Be Thrifty**

**\$1.98**  
Post Paid  
Complete With  
Battery & Bulb

**Put Your Coins in  
Slot and Press-in!**

**JUKE BOX  
BLAZES WITH LIGHT  
AS IT FLASHES:**

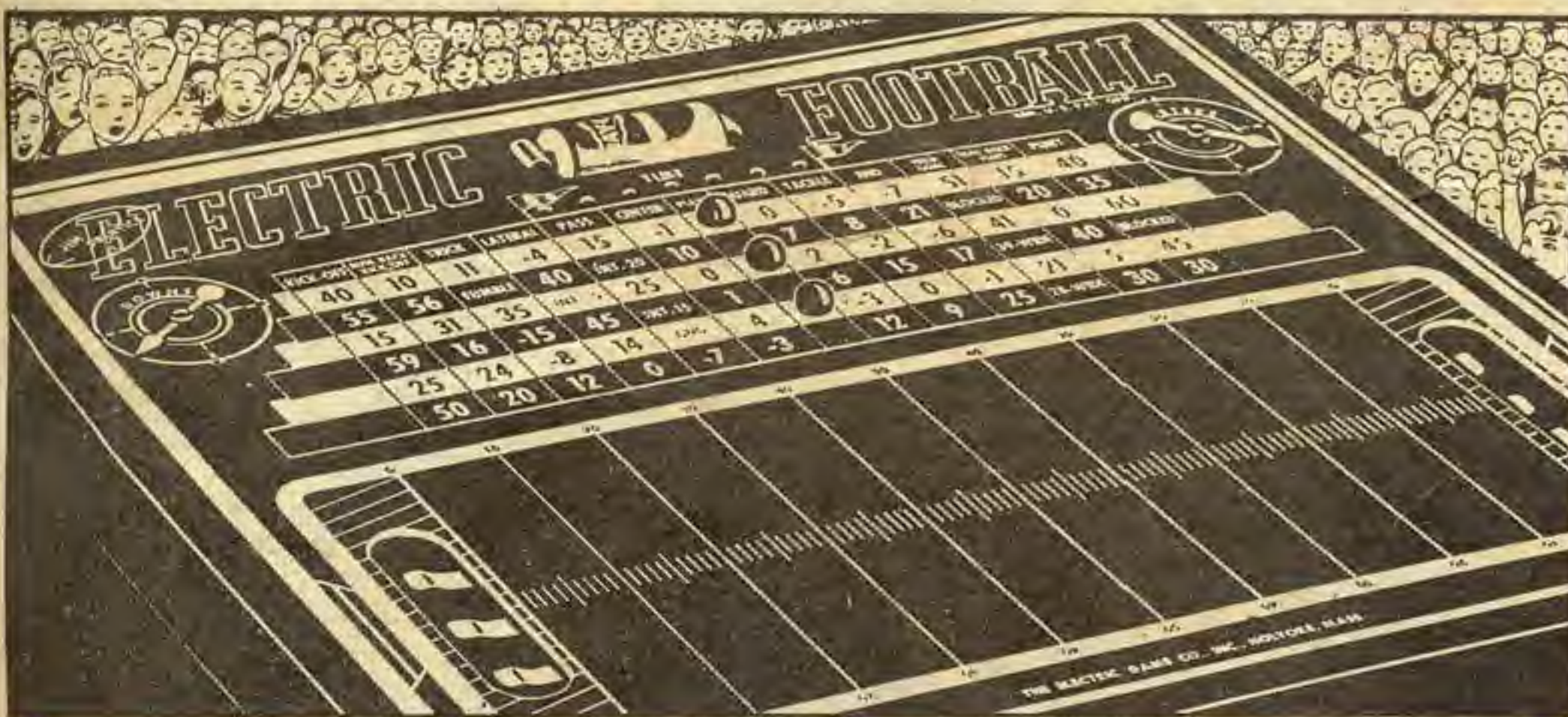
*It's Wise to Be Thrifty*

**AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-70**



# NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949, ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC CO. 85 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.



## GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



ELECTRIC GAMES ARE TOPS FOR THRILLS

## Hi BOYS!

**ELECTRIC FOOTBALL**, besides being one bawdinger of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE RUSH TODAY

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.

85 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed

- ☐ Electric Football \$2.50
- ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
- ☐ Electric Bowling \$2.50
- ☐ Electric Marblelite \$1.00
- ☐ Super El Football \$10.00
- ☐ C.O.D. \$1 deposit. Postman collects balance.
- ☐ Full payment with order — no collection.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

ALL GAMES POSTPAID



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET  
SUPERSONIC PLANE"



AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB USE THEIR SPECIAL PASSES TO SEE THE NEW SECRET SUPERSONIC PLANE. SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE  
IN THE HANGAR!



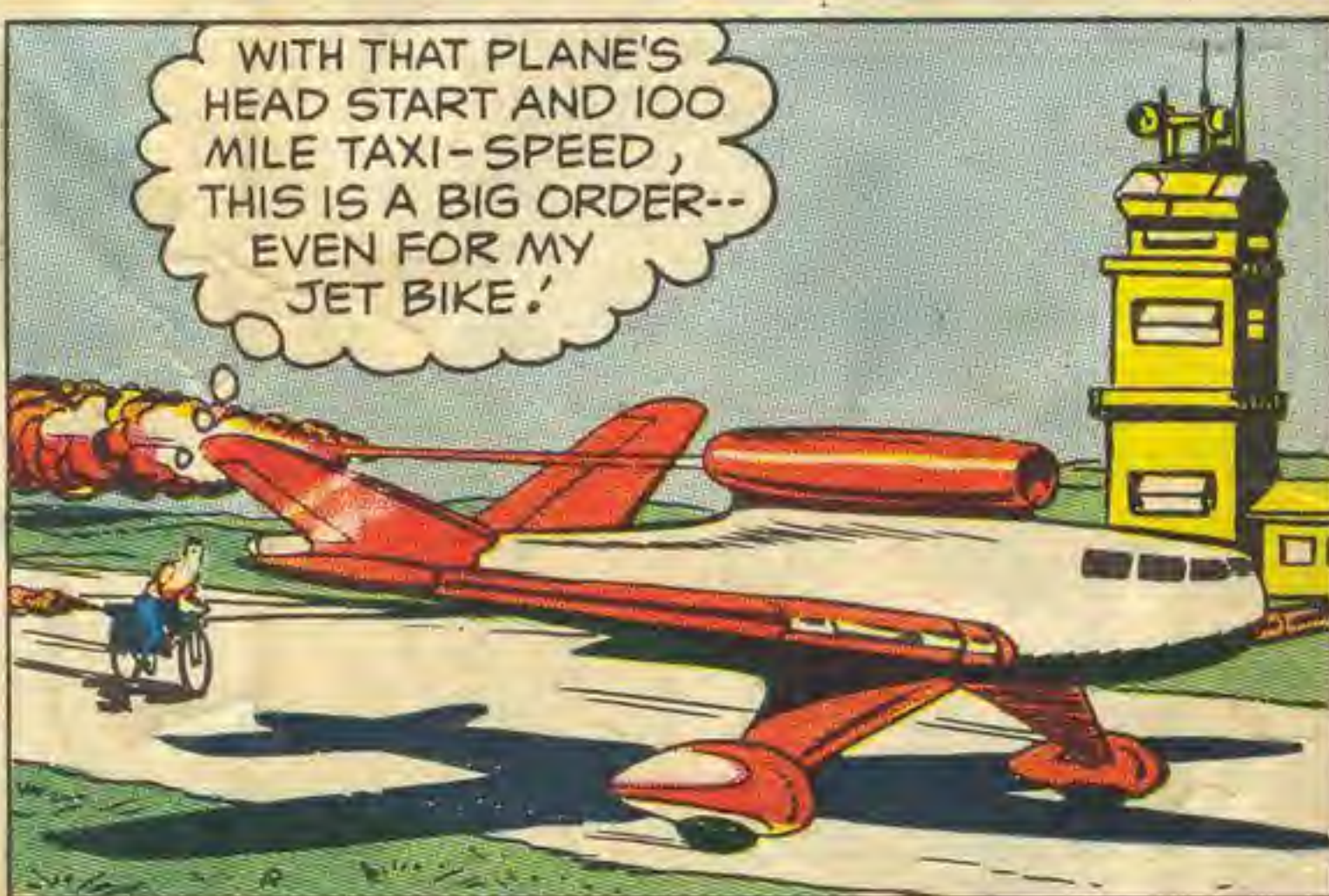
THOSE TWO FELLOWS  
RUNNING TOWARD THE  
PLANE--I DON'T LIKE  
THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY  
STARTED THE FIRE  
TO GET THE  
GUARD AWAY FROM  
THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL,  
THEY'RE MAKING OFF  
WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR  
IF I CAN HELP IT...  
MEANWHILE, YOU  
FELLAS NOTIFY  
THE F. B. I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S  
HEAD START AND 100  
MILE TAXI-SPEED,  
THIS IS A BIG ORDER--  
EVEN FOR MY  
JET BIKE!



JUST AS THE POWERFUL  
PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE  
THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS  
THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS,  
PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT  
HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS  
HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S  
SECRET PLANE... THE F. B. I. CAN  
THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING  
THAT THEY DIDN'T.

AND WE  
CAN THANK  
OUR U.S.  
ROYALS FOR REAL  
BIKE SPEED  
WITH  
SAFETY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-  
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE  
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER CON-  
TROL. INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL  
BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, FOR REAL  
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED.



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY,  
IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-  
IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"...  
SAYS U.S. ROYAL

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE  
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, GIVE YOU  
TOP PERFORMANCE AND PERFECT CON-  
TROL. NO WONDER U.S. IS AMERICA'S  
FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE!

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science